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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1904.

REVIEWS

Man's Place in Universal History. By the Chevalier Bunsen. Translated from the German, by C. H. Cottrell, Esq. Longman & Co. "Egypt is the monumental land of the earth, as the Egyptians are the monumental people of history." Its limestone, its granite, its dry climate, and the resistance of its deserts to the luxuriant vegetation which is so potent an element of architectural destruction in southern climates, have all contributed to preserve its pyramids, its obelisks, and its temples as perfect as at the day when they were erected,—excepting where human cupidity or human curiosity has sought gratification in searching for imaginary treasures. Heeren justly observes, however, that there can be no systematic chronology in a history derived exclusively from monuments. The stela, or sepulchral tablets of stone, which contain the dates of the king's reign under whom they were erected, cannot carry us far, unless we have lists of the kings, determining the order of their succession,—and commentaries by which the era of one or more of these kings may be ascertained by identifying his reign with some events of known and determined date.

Egypt's place in universal history must be fixed chiefly by its time in universal history. The stela may be received as conclusive proof that the kings named upon them actually reigned,—two of these monuments which give us series of kings may be similarly taken as evidence that such dynasties had existence; but unless we know when those dynasties began and when they ended we have made no chronological advance even by the discovery of a series. The chief aids which we possess are the incidental notices of Egyptian affairs by Hebrew and Greek historians, the Lists and Commentaries ascribed to Manetho, and the historical papyri. But there are difficulties attaching to each of these. Hebrew chronology is open to much dispute;—the Greek historians are not always trustworthy authorities for the annals of foreign nations;—the original work of Manetho is lost, and there is a possibility that his Lists may have been garbled in quotation;—and, finally, the papyri have no more chronology than the sepulchral stela.

These remarks will enable our readers to estimate the conditions of the problem which the Chevalier Bunsen has undertaken to solve:—can the records on the monuments be brought into such connexion with the historical traditions of the ancient monarchy as to enable us to obtain from both anything like a close approximation to correct chronology? A specific answer to this question cannot be given until the traditions themselves are subjected to a searching analysis; but, for reasons which we do not quite comprehend, M. Bunsen has reserved this part of his subject for a future volume.

Assuming that this analysis will be found satisfactory, we may receive the assertion that Egyptian writing is as old as the time of Menes, and that the Egyptians had a Bible of forty-two Sacred Books, which might, in whole or in part, have been consulted by Manetho. There is evidence that Manetho gave 3,555 years as the period between the reign of Menes and the conquest of Egypt, and that he attributed to Egypt an antiquity of 25,000 years anterior to the reign of Menes. Until the Chevalier shall have completed his work and enabled us to see what security there is in the basis which he has taken, it would be useless to enter into any comparison between scriptural and Egyptian

chronology. He should not, we think, have opened the discussion until prepared to give his readers all the evidence on which he himself so confidently relies.

Is the old Egyptian language recoverable? Can we obtain such a knowledge of its alphabetic system and of its vocabulary as to enable us to interpret with certainty the inscriptions on the monuments, so as to render them available for chronological purposes? The Chevalier contends not merely for the affirmative of these two propositions, but for another of more startling significance—to wit, that the essence and texture of the ancient Egyptian language can be so perfectly identified as to admit of its being compared with other families of language; and he intimates that he will demonstrate the Egyptian to contain traces of that language from which both the Semitic and the Indo-Germanic families of language have sprung, though both have diverged so widely asunder in their developments as no longer to retain the faintest trace of a common origin. He indicates that he has discovered the law by which the development of language is determined. The Chevalier abandons the theory which has long prevailed with Egyptologists, that the Coptic is the language of the Monuments,—but maintains that it affords important aid to the interpretation of the sculptured language. Of the ancient Egyptian language, according to him, about five hundred roots have been identified,—not including about fifty prefixes and suffixes which are employed as grammatical forms. Now, the entire number of roots in Hebrew—a richer language than the Coptic—does not exceed twelve hundred; so that about one-half of the roots of the language must be known. But there is still a difficulty. If the ancient Egyptian, like the Hebrew, was an unvocalized or an imperfectly vocalized language, then each root may admit of three or four very different meanings, determinable only by the pronunciation which is marked in Hebrew by the vowel points.

The question of vocalization, as every scholar knows, is one of the highest importance in Biblical criticism. If, as is generally believed, Ezra transcribed the old records of the Hebrews from the old Samaritan alphabet into the square character, and added the points, then the existing Hebrew text is to all intents and purposes Ezra's translation,—for the points not only determine the sound, but limit the signification. In reference to the Egyptian Phonoglyphs, the Rev. Dr. Hincks has published a new theory in the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,' supported by consummate learning and ability,—which we shall state in his own words.—"The principle which I wish to establish is this. The phonoglyphs which compose the proper Egyptian alphabet had names, which consisted of themselves with the addition of certain expletive characters, and these names might be and often were used in place of the simple phonoglyphs. If then a phonoglyph, belonging to the alphabet, be followed by the expletive character which appertains to it, that expletive may be, and for the most part should be, altogether neglected." This theory involves two very distinct propositions:—first, that expletives occur in the phonoglyphs—and, secondly, that these expletives are the names of the letters. M. Bunsen seems to think that the refutation of the second proposition involves the fate of the first;—but it is clear that Dr. Hincks may be wrong in his conjecture respecting the use of these expletives, and perfectly right in his assertion of their existence. The Divine and the Chevalier have fixed upon a single word which may enable us to throw some light upon the

point:—and it will presently appear that it is one which it is of very great importance to have thoroughly elucidated.

The Hebrew name for war-chariots מרכבת; which, without the points, is in our letters the unpronounceable word מרכבת, and when vocalized by the points Markabot. This word in the hieratic text is written Markabuta, according to Bunsen—or Marukabuta, according to Hincks. Both the Hebrew and the Egyptian, then, found it necessary to supply vocal expletives to five of the consonants, and to treat the fifth, the v, as including in it the vowel power of o or u, in order to render the word pronounceable. Now, in the Hebrew text, as we have it, this vocalization is effected by a system of points having the power of vowel-letters, but not received as letters into the radical structure of the word. There is, however, another question:—what system of vocalization had the Hebrews before the vowel points were invented?—for it is abundantly evident, that without some kind of vowels the six unmanageable consonants could not be pronounced? Here we, fortunately, are not left without guidance. The Rev. Dr. Wall, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, has shown that they used the consonantal letters א, ב, ג, ד, ה, ו, with vowel powers as expletives, representing a, e, o or u, and i. The disadvantage of these expletive letters was that they entered into the radical structure of the word, and may have perverted its signification. Thus, the well-known passage in the Psalms, which the Evangelist—using what was no doubt in his day the authorized vocalization—renders "They shall look upon him whom they have pierced," according to the vocalization now received in the Hebrew text signifies "They shall look upon him like a lion." Dr. Wall declares, that by attending to the system of expletive vocalization, which he justly regards as much more ancient than point vocalization, we may reconcile nearly all the discrepancies between the Septuagint and the existing Hebrew text. Here, then, we have an instance of expletive letters introduced originally for the convenience of sound, only leading to great perplexities and confusion of sense. The same difficulties beset the Hebrews and the Egyptians. There is, therefore, some probability that the latter should have recourse to the same system of expletive vocalization as the former.

After a careful comparison of the evidences adduced by the Rev. Dr. Hincks with the objections made to his theory by Chevalier Bunsen, we are led to believe, that if Dr. Hincks has not demonstrated the use of expletive phonoglyphs in hieratic writing, he has shown their existence to be highly probable. But we do not think that he has detected the system on which these expletives were used.

This discussion can hardly be regarded as controversial,—for M. Bunsen leaves the question of the existence of expletives quite untouched. Had he considered it, he might have found a useful auxiliary to his admirable development of the progress of Egyptian writing from pictures to phonetics. His 'Historical Exposition of Hieroglyphic Writing' is one of the best essays ever written on the subject,—and shows how thoroughly he has investigated the philosophic connexion between sign and sound.

The examination of the mythological systems of Egypt undertaken by the Chevalier is a fine example of patient and scientific analysis. He shows that there was a time when the religion of Upper Egypt differed from that of Lower Egypt. They must then have been different states,—each probably bearing the name of *Misr*; but these religions were amalgamated

when the two states were united under the plural name of *Misraim*, by which Egypt is known in history. The whole evidence is not before us on which the Chevalier founds his great theory, that "the cradle of the language and mythology of the Egyptians is Asia"—and "that the primeval seat of our race is America and the Caucasus; but that the Egyptian race is more particularly connected with the land of Aram and the primitive empire in Babel."

We have rather indicated the nature of the subjects discussed in this volume, and the manner in which they have been treated, than entered into any examination of the Chevalier's theory. Indeed, it would, as we have said, be premature to do so until he shall have completed its development. We shall look forward anxiously for the appearance of the remaining volumes:—for though we may be compelled to dissent from some of the author's conclusions, we feel assured that his researches will throw considerable light on the primitive history of mankind.

Brothers and Sisters: a Tale of Domestic Life. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated from the Original unpublished Manuscript, by Mary Howitt. 3 vols. Colburn.

THOUGH this tale may not be the best of its series, it far excels the generality of such productions laid before us: and never was a Bremer novel more welcome than at the present moment—so ar does it lead us away from the weary world round about us. Clerkenwell Green seems as distant as Canton while we are supping on asparagus and potatoes with Sister Hedvig on Birch Island. The new National Assembly of France dwindles into a gathering of "emmets," so long as we are occupied by the joys of the Dalberg family—not forgetting the characteristically Swedish sorrow of old Uncle Urbanus Myrtenblad because he had "the basket" given to him by his young niece, the eccentric and warm-hearted Gothilda.

Those who are familiar with Mdlle. Fredrika Bremer's 'Home,' 'The President's Daughters' and 'Diary' (the last hardly appreciated in England according to its deserts) are thereby prepared for most of the characters and combinations which they will here find. Yet, such is the charm of truth and geniality that the personages of the drama before us are as good as new. There is no resisting Hedvig, the eldest, a compound of Miss Rönquist and Madame Frank—nor Augustin, her "right hand," a replica of Thorsten Lennartson,—nor Gothilda, the genius, a second edition of Petronia. Less familiar than the above is old General Herkules, the uncle of this large family of "brothers and sisters," who helps every one through his difficulties, gets rid of his superfluous animation by working as an amateur blacksmith, relieves himself of mental distemperatures by the emission of sundry rough "nouns," and sets everything in its true light by citing some gallant soldier's story. Then, though there is no *ma chère Mère*, we are favoured with one or two sketches of the originals whence such individualities are drawn. Of these there is, naturally, no lack in the North. Who can doubt that the following Worthy is from life?—

"Uncle was this evening particularly mild and agreeable, and went into his 'peaceful reminiscences,' and in them he always introduces ladies, and I think it is more amusing to hear of them than his warlike experiences. This evening the subject of his conversation was our aunt at Skåne; that little extraordinary gentlewoman whom uncle declares that I resemble both in eyes and spirit. She learned in her youth to be a wicked young lady, probably like the undersigned, and knew nothing more amusing than to have some tricks in hand which set people a staring, or laughing, or else frightened them sadly.

She had the most magnificent long light hair that anybody can imagine; and no little renown did this beautiful hair get among the relations, and no little was said about—how, when she was a bride, this hair would become her, plaited like a crown upon her head. But when, on the morning of her wedding, they came to dress this beautiful hair—because she was to be married in the forenoon at church—and when they took off her nightcap—behold, there fell the beautiful golden plaits of hair to the ground with the cap; and there the bride sat with her head round as a turnip, and with her hair cut short, and she was ready to die with laughter to see the consternation of those who saw it, and how they could hardly refrain from screaming in horror. The bridegroom, however, laughed with the bride at the joke, and they two were a happy couple, although she continued many of her peculiarities which were not altogether womanly. Thus, she always wore men's clothes, and was fond of manly occupations, such as hunting, riding, turning on a lathe, and even occasionally smoking a pipe. But with all this, the odd little lady was so truly gentle, and kind, and cheerful, that she made everybody happy around her, so that everybody cordially liked her and became attached to her. Uncle Herkules went to live with her when he was twelve years old, after the death of his parents, and was brought up on her estate, together with her six sons. These young gentlemen lived together in a large parlour, called 'the lion's den,' and there was merriment and noise enough; still, from their very earliest youth they all assembled to family prayers morning and evening. The little countess was the very best of mothers to these lads, alike prudent and kind, and nothing pleased her better than to get up a hunting party or some sort of amusement which would entertain them. They were, at the same time, happy and merry young men, and never thought of doing anything which was wicked or unjust. As a widow she lived splendidly on her large, magnificent estate, often drove out; when she used black horses in her carriage, she was attended by a black dog, and when white horses by a white dog. After she had cut off her hair on her wedding-day, she always wore a curled and finely-powdered gentleman's wig. She commonly wore a white cravat, white waistcoat, and a coat with rounded laps, which hung over the petticoats. A fine and delicately white frilled shirt, wristbands, and boots, completed the costume, to which belonged a little man's hat, with a broad brim, which sat rather on one side of her head. The little, little old woman in this dress, with her upright carriage, her elevated head, her nose as if snuffing the wind,—like the undersigned,—and her handsome countenance, looked really beautiful, and commanded the respect of all. She was looked up to and beloved by her children and her dependents, and was always called by the latter 'Sir Countess.' She loved hunting and fishing even to her old age, and when she was seventy years old shot a roebuck in her own park. Among her household she was always cheerful and kind, and amused herself greatly by giving them riddles to guess, in particular to one of her women, who always forgot the solution of the riddle. 'Who gave the first kiss in Rome?' was one of her most frequently-repeated riddles, and the answer that she returned always was, 'Oh! how should I know?—it was perhaps the pope!' And with that the little Countess would laugh immoderately."

The comical Baroness Drack (we are not sure of our spelling) immortalized by *Nimrod*, who dwelt near St. Omer's and used to hunt and shoot when she was nearly eighty years old, must have been a far-away French cousin to this lady!

We will not forestall our readers' pleasure by further outline of the incidents of this story; which equals its predecessors, at least, in the amount of sentiment, cookery, charming surprises, and humorous touches which it contains—while in the number of marriages with which it concludes it would justify the cynical exclamation of Bachelor Jacques,—"There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark!" But never were we less disposed to object to the drama closing with "a

dance for all the characters" than here: more especially since the *exit* of one principal personage (whom we will not name), if somewhat theatrically arranged, is nevertheless managed with so much grace and pathos as to relieve the universal felicity from the charge of insipid monotony.

This much in hearty praise of 'Brothers and Sisters.' One more friendly word with the authoress remains to be said. The times seem to have touched her, like every one else; stirring her up to preach and to prophesy about social evils and their remedy.—Now, as *Cherub* in 'Doves in a Cage' said, "Nature never means" that every man, woman and child should take a positive part in the direct administration of affairs. All may and ought to serve their kind; but every one is not born to be a lawyer, nor bred for the magistracy or for the task of school-keeping. Our authoress seems to us particularly ill fitted for grappling with the great question of the day. There must be a dash of Mdlle. Fredrika Bremer's *Petronia* in her own composition—an element of transcendentalism and poetical ambition and magnificent philanthropy perpetually tempting her to vague projects and impossible flights. How else could one so clear-sighted as herself to the duties of life overlook the fact, that by writing a simple and gentle story of Swedish life and Swedish manners with her own quaint humour and true feeling, she would be doing her part in helping on the world of sympathy and intelligence better than by spoiling her tales with strange intermixtures of Communist dreams and cloudy castle buildings of "Lowell Establishments" and the like?—Let her, if she will, quote against us Lady Morgan, with her romances in behalf of the Irish Catholic, or Madame Dudevant, with her preternaturally poetical carpenters, and "obscurely wise" *Berichon* peasants,—or that professed doctrine of Political Economy, Miss Martineau. Let her, if it so please her, throw in our teeth the maxim which we have again and again propounded, that without purpose a work of art is worthless. Neither precedent nor aphorism will satisfy us that she herself is the most useful when she sets about to mend society with the air.

Of one pronouncing from the chair. Her excursions are too fitful—her logic is too widely "freaked" by veins of rhapsody—her theory of "past, present, and to come" partakes too largely of instinct—to give us much hope of her thriving in her new character. We know the beauty and worth of the old one too well not to be sorry when it is laid aside, whatever be the motive. These, moreover, are eminently times when the public good may be consulted by reserve no less than by random effort—when the vocation of Art may be yet more than ever to provide rest and refreshment for minds aching amid grave and momentous struggles. Such rest, it is needless to say, implies the banishment of all discordant matter—such refreshment precludes the entrance of unwholesome viands. But if every tale is to be made a sermon, who shall secure the world against every sermon being made a tale? Fusion means only confusion, when there is no separation of tasks. A Liszt may help on mankind as a pianoforte player—but retard it as a Deputy, by sitting in the chair of a better trained man. A Bremer, if she become pious or mystical as a preacher, may throw away her power to influence and persuade as a novelist.

Facts and Speculations on the Origin and History of Playing Cards. By William Andrew Chatto. Smith.

It is long since we read Mr. Singer's 'Researches into the History of Playing Cards'

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but we remember that he treated the subject like an antiquary—perhaps too much like an antiquary, relying altogether upon the interest of the information which he had collected, and caring comparatively little for the style and manner in which he communicated it. The main fault of his book, therefore, was not so much that it was dull as that it was dry:—the facts were amusing and valuable, and to those facts the author trusted in order to satisfy his readers. He thus made rather a good than an attractive volume. Now, on the contrary, Mr. Chatto's work on the same subject is rather attractive than good. He obviously places much dependence on his style and manner of writing; and we venture to hint that here and there somewhat less of vivacity, not to call it flippancy, would have been more becoming. The subject of which he treats is grave; but he "goes to church," as it were, "in a galliard," and seems to fancy that it is absolutely necessary to omit no occasion of being sprightly. It may be very well to tell us that man is "a cooking, a tool-making and a gambling animal,"—as he does in the first paragraph of his first chapter; but why he should go on to inform us of the truism that other animals have no propensity for games of chance we do not precisely understand.

"Other animals," says Mr. Chatto, "in common with man, will fight for meat, drink and lodging; and will do battle for love as fiercely as the ancient knights of chivalry, whose great incitements to heroic deeds—in plain English, killing and wounding—were lady-love and the honour of the peacock. There is, however, no well-authenticated account of any of the lower orders of animals ever having been seen risking their property at 'odd or even,' or drawing lots for choice of pasture. No shepherd has ever yet succeeded in teaching his sagacious colley to take a hand at cards with him on the hill side; the most knowing monkey has never been able to comprehend the mysteries of 'tossing'; and even the learned pig, that tells people their fortune by the cards, is never able to learn what is trumps."

This may be very pleasant, for aught we know; but it is certainly not very novel information—and coming at the very threshold of Mr. Chatto's undertaking it may create a prejudice against the farther reading of a book which in the outset promises so ill. In this respect the author really does himself injustice; for in some places his facts are peculiar and striking,—and in others his speculations are new, ingenious, and plausible. We complain more of the manner than of the matter of his book. How much fancy now and then has to do with Mr. Chatto's speculations may be judged from the following passage, where he speaks of the origin of games of chance. It will also give a farther notion of his style.

"Man, as a gambling animal, has the means of indulging in his hopeful propensity, as soon as he has acquired a property either real or personal, and can distinguish odd from even, or a short straw from a longer. The first game that he played at, in the golden age of happy ignorance, would naturally be one of pure chance. We have no positive information about this identical game in any ancient or modern author; but we may fairly suppose, for no one can prove the supposition to be false, that it was either 'drawing lots,' or guessing at 'odd or even.' Imagination suggests that the stakes might be acorns, or chestnuts; and though reason may query the fact, yet she cannot controvert it. It is evident that at either of the two simple games above named, a player, when it came to his turn to hold, might improve his chance of winning by means of a little dexterous management, vulgarly called cheating, and thus, to a certain extent, emancipate himself from the laws of blind Fortune,—a personification of chance which a gambler, most assuredly, first elevated to the rank of a divinity. That cheating is nearly coeval with gaming cannot admit of a doubt; and it is highly probable that this mode of giving an

excentric motion to Fortune's wheel was discovered, if not actually practised, at the first regular bout, under the oaks of Dodona, or elsewhere, before the flood of Thessaly. Man, having left the woods for the meadows, progressing from the sylvan or savage state to that of a shepherd, now not only roasts his chestnuts, but also eats a bit of mutton to them; and after having picked the leg clean, forms of the small bones, between the shank and the foot, new instruments of gaming. Taking a certain number of those bones, three for instance, he makes on four sides of each a certain number of marks: on one side a single point, and on the side opposite six points; on another side three points, and on the opposite four. Putting these bones into a cow's horn, he shakes them together, and then throws them out; and accordingly, as the points may run high, or as the cast may be of three different numbers, so does he count his game. Conventional rules for playing are now established; definite values, independent of the number of points, are assigned to different casts; some being reckoned high, while others are counted low, and sometimes positively against the player, although the chance of their turning up be the same as that of the former. The game now becomes more complicated; and the chances being more numerous, and the odds more various, a knowing gamester, who plays regularly, and makes a calculation of the probability of any given number, or combination of points, being thrown, either at a single cast, or out of a certain number, has an advantage in betting over his more simple-minded competitors. 'Luck is all!' exclaims the novice,—and guesses; the adept mutters, 'Knowledge is power,'—and counts."

What Mr. Chatto advances on the subject of the eastern origin of cards and card-playing contains more real novelty than, perhaps, any other part of his volume; but when he complains (p. 54) that the author of an article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* gives no authorities for his assertion as to "the antiquity of cards in Hindostan," he forgets how much and how inevitably the same objection applies to himself. The truth is that all, or nearly all, is mere matter of conjecture:—and the same remark must be made upon what is said regarding Chinese cards. The reference to the Chinese dictionary, *Ching-tse-tung*, first published in 1678, literally proves nothing; for what is it barely and boldly to assert "that the cards now known in China as *Tsen-tse-pae*, or dotted cards, were invented in the reign of Seun-ho, 1120; and that they began to be common in the reign of Kaou-tsung, who ascended the throne in 1131"? At all events, it would not have been amiss if Mr. Chatto had supplied us with the B.C. or the A.D. of our modern computation, to guide us as to the meaning of his "1120" and "1131." The curiosity of his engraved specimens of Chinese cards we willingly admit; but even here we have to regret the want of dates,—and it is evident that the appearance of objects as works of Art can be no sort of rule in reference to productions of the kind from China.

It must be confessed that we are yet in the dark as to the precise period of the introduction of cards into Europe,—supposing them to have been originally brought, as Mr. Chatto and others contend, from the East. In France the nearest point at which the best antiquaries seem to have arrived is between 1392 and 1440; a date that seems hardly consistent with the fact (if fact it be) that they were known in Viterbo as early as 1379,—from whence they might easily have been conveyed into France. In Germany it is pretty certain that card-making was carried on to a considerable extent about the year 1418. Upon these points Mr. Chatto is generally so discursive that it is not by any means easy to make out his conclusions. His reading is commendable, and he resorts to several new authorities,—but perhaps hardly

with as much profit to himself and his readers as might be desirable.

His information respecting the origin and prevalence of games at cards in England is necessarily imperfect, and therefore unsatisfactory. It is a question that deserves at least as much inquiry and investigation as that of the introduction and employment of them in other countries of Europe; but Mr. Chatto contents himself (not his readers) with beginning with the year 1463,—when, he says, "it would appear that cards were well known in England," from the fact that their importation was then prohibited by statute. From the Paston Letters we unquestionably learn that cards were among the disports at Christmas; and it was also known long ago that Henry VII. was a card-player. Mr. Chatto justly blames Daines Barrington for stating on the authority merely of Rymer and the Statute-book that "during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. card-playing was not common in England;" but when he complains that Barrington was not "as well read in old poems and plays as he was in the more ancient statutes," it compels us to look narrowly at Mr. Chatto's own authorities derived from "old poems and plays,"—and in the very midst of them we meet with a remarkable blunder, which at once disposes of one of his most important proofs that card-playing was common when Edward VI. was on the throne. We do not doubt the fact; we only say that Mr. Chatto does not establish it by quoting the ancient comedy of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,'—which he tells us was first printed in 1551. Where he obtained this very novel piece of information we know not; but supposing it to be well founded, the author of it was not eight years old at the date of the printing of his play, to say nothing of the writing of it. Bishop Still was born in 1543, and his comedy was not printed until 1575.

We are bound to admit that Mr. Chatto's other authorities to the same point are less exceptionable; and, with some excursions, he pursues the history of cards and their manufacture in this country from the reign of Elizabeth, through those of James I. and Charles I., the Protectorate, and Charles II., down to a comparatively modern, and to us uninteresting, period,—supplying a good deal of information from well-known sources that are within everybody's reach. As to the representations on coat, or court, cards about the time of the breaking out of the Civil Wars, we can furnish a piece of evidence quite as curious as any that is contained in the work before us, from a satirical tract that came out just anterior to Christmas, 1642. It appears from it that the four kings then had the names of four of the ancient worthies; for, among other propositions to the Houses of Parliament for reforming abuses, we there read as follows:—

"That the time of gaming being now come in, you would be pleased to take into your serious consideration that scandalous pack of cards which hath upon the coats names unfit for regenerate ears—as Hercules, Alexander, Julius Caesar, and Hector of Troy, and such like; and that you would change them into Old Testament names; as the Kings to David, Josiah, Solomon, Hezekiah; the Queens, Sarah, Rachel, Hester, Susannah; and the Knaves, lastly, Balaac, Achitophel, Tobit, and Bel."

This was, of course, addressed to the puritanical party in Parliament; but it was some years afterwards that what have been called "historical cards" were invented,—although it does not appear that they were ever introduced into common use or that they at all superseded ordinary playing cards. Upon this subject Mr. Chatto has furnished some curious particulars. We make the following extract.—

"At 1679, there was published a pack of cards, containing, according to the advertisement, 'An His-

story of all the Popish Plots that have been in England, beginning with those in Queen Elizabeth's time, and ending with the last damnable plot against his Majesty Charles II, with the manner of Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey's murder, &c. All excellently engraved on copper-plates, with very large descriptions under each card. The like not extant. Sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers' Hall, and by most booksellers, price One Shilling each pack.' In a 'puff collusive,' forming a kind of postscript to this announcement, approbation of these cards is thus indirectly made a test of staunch Protestantism:—'Some persons who care not what they say, and to whom lying is as necessary as eating, have endeavoured to asperse this pack by a malicious libel, intimating that it did not answer what is proposed. The contrary is evident. Aspersers of this pack plainly show themselves popishly affected.' Such a pack of cards as that announced in the advertisement referred to—'containing an history of all the popish plots that have been in England, beginning with those in Queen Elizabeth's time—I have never seen; and from the objection which was made to it at the time, namely, that 'it did not answer what was proposed,' I am inclined to think that it was the same pack as that which relates entirely to the pretended Popish plot of 1679, and the murder of Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey. A pack of the latter now before me appears to have been published about 1680, and certainly subsequent to the 18th of July, 1679; as on the Four of Clubs is represented the trial of Sir George Wakeman and three Benedictine monks, who on that day were arraigned at the Old Bailey on an indictment of high treason for conspiring to poison the king. The complete pack consists of fifty-two cards; and each contains a subject, neatly engraved, either relating to the plot or the trial and punishment of the conspirators, with a brief explanation at the foot. At the top are the marks of the suit; and the value of the low cards, from one to ten, is expressed in Roman numerals. The suits of Hearts, Diamonds and Clubs consist chiefly of illustrations of the pretended plot, as detailed in the evidence of Titus Oates and Captain Bedloe; while the suit of Clubs relates entirely to the murder of Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey. An idea of the whole pack may be formed from the following description of a few of the cards of each suit. HEARTS: King: the King and privy councillors seated at the council-table; Titus Oates standing before them: inscription at the foot, *Dr. Oates discovereth y^e Plot to y^e King and Council.* The Eight: *Coleman writing a declaration and letters to la Chaise.* The Ace: the Pope with three cardinals and a bishop at a table, and the devil underneath: *'The Plot first hatcht at Rome by the Pope and Cardinals, &c.'* DIAMONDS: Knave: *'Pickering attempts to kill y^e K. in St James Park.'* The Four: *'Whitebread made Provinciall.'* The Ace: *'The consult at the white horse Tavern.'* CLUBS: King: *'Cap^t Bedloe examin'd by y^e secret Committee of the House of Commons.'* The Nine: *'Father Connyers preaching against y^e oaths of allegiance & supremacy.'* The Six: *'Cap^t Berry and Alderman Brooks are offer'd 500*l*. to cast the plot on the Protestants.'* SPADES: Queen: *'The Club at y^e Plow Ale house for the murder of S. E. B. Godfree.'* The Nine: *'S^r E. B. Godfree strangled, Girald going to stab him.'* The Five: *'The body of S^r E. B. G. carry'd to Primrose hill on a horse.'*

Cards of this description are and have been well known on the Continent,—and from thence it is extremely probable they were introduced after the return of Charles II. Towards the end of his volume, we cannot but think that Mr. Chatto might have omitted a good deal that finds a place there, and certainly occupies too much space. Thus, we have many pages filled with an account of a modern manufactory of cards extracted from *Bradshaw's Journal* in 1842. Again, we have about a dozen pages of translation from Barbeyrac's *Traité du Jeu*,—and a long quotation from *Blackwood's Magazine* consisting of a dialogue between Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd, excellent in itself and in its place, but not claiming to be transferred to a work on the origin and history of playing-cards. For this and other reasons, we

could have dispensed with the whole chapter on "the morality of card-playing,"—and would have had Mr. Chatto finish his book with its real conclusion, as a work of research and information, where he speaks "of the different kinds of cards and the marks of the suits."

King René's Daughter: a Danish Lyric Drama. By Henrik Herz. Rendered into English Verse, and illustrated by an Historical Sketch of the Fortunes and Misfortunes of Good King René, by the Hon. Edmund Phipps. Bentley.

THIS drama belongs to the class of works which more than all others suffers by translation. While all books are to some extent injured by the process, its inadequacy is most obvious in those which are the fruit of a delicate and flexible imagination. When the poet's story is composed of vivid incidents and his characters are distinctly individualized, the mind of the reader may comparatively dispense with perfect harmony of verse and felicity of expression. Not so with such a production as the present. Deriving its attraction not from stirring events or broadly-defined characters, but from the beauty of a subtle ideal, the graces of style form an essential part of its value. The melody of the song and the aptness of the phrase are not mere vehicles of the emotion, but enter into its substance.

'King René's Daughter' as given by Mr. Phipps is an unaffected (but it strikes us a rather paraphrastic) rendering of the original. Nor is the circumlocution of that kind which sometimes ensures the spirit of the author's phrase at the expense of its conciseness. In this particular the translation before us contrasts disadvantageously with one which has recently appeared in the pages of a monthly contemporary. For example, the inquiry of Iolanthe as expressed by Mr. Phipps—

Oh say, my father, can I see the warbling
Of the sweet nightingale, whose trilling notes
I oft, yet still in vain, have tried to follow
From bush to bush in fancy?

is certainly inferior to the following version of the same passage from the other source which we have intimated—

Can I see,
With these mine eyes, the nightingale's thick note,
Whereon I've mused so oft, and vainly striven
To follow it in thought—away, away?

We need not observe how much the precise beauty of the latter rendering is diluted in that of Mr. Phipps. We do not, however, intend a disparaging comparison. If the present translator does not bring to his task his fellow-labourer's power of seizing the niceties of an image, we often prefer his unassuming plainness to the artificial ingenuity which at times distinguishes the latter.

Convinced as we are that the poem itself can be appreciated only by readers acquainted with the original, we may, nevertheless, at least gather the charm of its intention from the version before us. Iolanthe, the daughter of King René, is accidentally deprived of sight before she has completed her first year. From political motives, she is brought up in the strictest seclusion and kept in total ignorance of the loss she has sustained. The whole interest of the story hinges on her unconsciousness of the faculty of sight, and on the manner in which this omission is substituted by the action of a pure and sympathetic nature through the other senses. Her solitude is accidentally invaded by Tristan de Vaudemont,—to whom, though unaware of the circumstance, she has been betrothed from infancy by her father. Nor does Tristan recognize in the blind girl the royal maiden to whom he has been contracted. In their interview, she

receives the first intimation of her blindness. The manner in which this disclosure is conducted is touching and ingenious. In answer to the request of Tristan for a red rose, she presents him with a white one. The dialogue then continues.—

Tristan. Ah! but 'tis a white you pluck!
Give me a red one, beautiful as yourself!
Iolanthe. How dost thou mean a red one?
Tristan. One of these! [Points with the hand.
Iolanthe. Take it thyself, then!
Tristan. Rather let me have
What your fair hand has gathered as your choice,
The white rose. Even in its lowest cup,
There slumbers a pale dreamy red that seems
Like to the dreamy beauty of this garden.
Give me one other yet! also a white one,
So will I then with both my bonnet deck,
And think I wear your colours.

[She plucks and gives him a rose, but a red one.
Iolanthe. Here is a rose, then; was it this you meant?
Tristan. I asked a white one of you!
Iolanthe. Well, and this?
Tristan. This! this! [aside] What dire foreboding thought;
[loud] Say quick,
How many roses hold I in my hand?
[Holds up the roses together with others which he himself has hastily gathered.

Iolanthe [stretching out her hand for them, without divesting her eyes towards them]. Give me them, then!
Tristan. Nay, without touching them!
Iolanthe. How can I that?
Tristan. [aside]. Ah, God! then she is blind.
[Aloud, but in subdued tones full of emotion.]
I think, though it were possible—

Iolanthe. Nay, nay,
If one desire to know a thing, its form,
Or number, or taste, or what is clear.
Tristan [doubtingly]. Yes, yes, in truth you may be right,
and yet
Sometimes, you know—
Iolanthe. Sometimes! Speak on, speak on!
Tristan. I mean that—that there are such things
As one by colour only can distinguish,
As many sorts of flowers, many textures.
Iolanthe. You mean the disposition and the form—
Is it not so?

Tristan. Nay, 'tis not merely that.
Iolanthe. Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?
Are not the roses round, and soft, and delicate,
Round to the feel 'en as the Zephyr's breath,
And soft and warm like to a summer evening?
Is the carnation like the rose? Ah, no!
Its perfume stuns one like the wine which late
I gave thee. Then the cactus; know'st thou not
its points are like the wind, in sharpest frost?

Tristan. 'Tis strange! Have you then never yet been told
That to distinguish objects from afar
Is possible by help of—of the sight?
Iolanthe. How? from afar? Oh yes, the little bird
That sits on yonder roof, I can distinguish
By its light twittering, and all mortal man
Each by his speech; so do I also know
The bounding steed, on which I daily ride,
Far as he may be, by his step and neighing;
But by the help of what you call the sight,
Of that, I have heard nothing. Is there then
Something, with which one seeks it out, some instrument
Of artificial composition, or
Some simple tool? I know not of this Sight—
Canst thou, perhaps, tell me its use or profit?

Tristan [aside]. Great God! she knows not then that she
is blind!
Iolanthe. Tell me, from what far country com'st thou
hither.

Thou hast expressions no man uses here;
And in thy speech there is, as I have said
Already, so much new and strange to me.
If, then, the valley where thy days are spent,
Differs so much in all things from this spot,
Tarry, I pray, yet longer here, to teach
My mind those things it should be taught to know.
Tristan. Nay, fair young maiden, 'tis not in my power
To tell you all that you do lack.
Iolanthe. Methinks,
Hast thou the will, the power would not be wanting,
And yet I have been told I'm teachable;
And many a one that here hath visited
Hath taught me somewhat, which I ever seem
To comprehend so clearly. Do but try!
I cannot be deceived. Thou surely must
Be full of kindness, for thy voice's tone
Is kind and friendly. Thou wilt not refuse?
I know thou wilt not! I'll be so attentive.

Tristan. Alas! 'tis not enough to be attentive.
But tell me this: have you not well remarked
There is no portion of your corporal form
That is without its use and proper office?
The hand and finger grasp each varied object;
Your little foot, small as it is, can bear you
Where'er you will with ease. The spoken word,
Or tone of music, fills your inmost soul,
Traversing first the portals of the ear.
A stream of eloquence flows from the lips,
And the light breath's fair mansion, is the breast
Rising and sinking with its peaceful fall.

Iolanthe. All this I have well noted—and proceed.
Tristan. Tell me, then, for what use do you imagine
Heav'n hath vouchsafed you eyes? What profits
Have you derived from the twin pair of stars,
Which with such brightness shine, they seem to court
The rays of light to penetrate within them?

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cities and enterprising towns disappeared. Among the number of writers, we meet with Pierre Michault and George Chastelain, — both of whom were prominent authors in their day. The last is considered as a very elegant poet, historian, and orator. He died in 1474, leaving behind him a considerable number of works, of various degrees of merit. Notwithstanding what has been said in praise of his poetry, it is full of affectation and incorrectness.

Many of the poets of this century were members of those celebrated literary fraternities known under the denomination of Societies of Rhetoric which were established in almost all the towns of Belgium. The chief objects which these societies had in view were the cultivation of poetic talent and the composition of dramatic performances. The Rhetorical Chamber of Diest is one of the oldest in the country, and dates as far back as the year 1302. On certain days, and on fêtes and solemnities, these associations proposed a subject to be treated as a drama or a poem, as the case might be; and sent it round to all the neighbouring towns. On a given day, the society was called together; and its meetings were attended with a good deal of pomp and ceremony. One of the most remarkable and splendid of these meetings was that of Antwerp, held in 1560. Van Meteren, in his 'History of the Netherlands,' has left us a very fine and minute description of this grand literary display, in which no less than fourteen distinct societies took part.

These literary gatherings—which in peaceful and happy times are productive of many social and intellectual advantages—died away when the Duke of Alba extended his bloody sword over Belgium. Among the first victims of this vile tyrant was Anthony van Storelen, burgo-master of Antwerp, President of the Rhetorical Chamber of that city in 1568. The Society of Tournay have most commendably collected the names and works of a great number of poets who were members of these rhetorical clubs at this period of history; and some of their poetic effusions have been recently published. They are, of course, of varied merit; but there are several pieces which sparkle with real genius, and are well entitled to be handed down to posterity. The poets of Tournay may be said to close the middle-age French poetry in Belgium. They form the last link of that chain which leads us to Jean Lemaire des Belges. We have many productions from this truly remarkable man, both in prose and verse. His reputation has extended beyond his own country; for the French authors, Clement Marot, Pasquier, and several others, have expressed themselves in flattering terms of his literary compositions. The well-known La Croix du Maine says of him,—"C'est un des plus renommés de son temps pour l'art oratoire, et pour écrire bien en vers Français."

A few years after Lemaire, Margaret of Austria—daughter of Maximilian and of Mary of Burgundy—was born at Bruges. She proved for Belgium what Francis the First proved for France. There never was a princess who protected literature more sedulously and rewarded more nobly and munificently all those who cultivated it. Poetry, Music, the Fine Arts, &c. were not only encouraged at her court, but cultivated by herself with great success. Her death ushered in a host of national calamities. The wars of Charles the Fifth, the introduction of the Spanish language, the religious wars, and many other discordant elements of national depression nearly extinguished the genius and mental energy of the nation. The great storm which proved destructive to Belgian liberty was equally fatal to her literary existence. We think we may be allowed here

to quote, in translation, a very expressive sentence from the pen of one of the best modern Belgian authors on this unfortunate catastrophe. "It was then that the finest traits of national character were obliterated. Albert and Isabella, on whom we are wont to lavish unreflecting praise, were the instruments of enervating, corrupting, and prostrating Belgium. The Archdukes covered the country with newly-created nobles, monks, and nuns; and ruined the nation, physically and morally, in the most paternal manner imaginable."—The sixteenth century became, thus, the tomb of the literary and poetical genius of Belgium.

Diary and Notes of Horace Templeton, Esq., late Secretary of Legation at ——. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

A young gentleman of high family who has had losses and partaken of adventures,—and who, being consumptive, is ordered abroad to die—has here journalized his impressions, sorrows, and the strange passages of his past life, after the fashion of Mrs. Jameson's 'Ennuyée'; his notes being posthumously published. So well do we know the difficulty of finding a new framework, (some half-dozen inventions at most existing in the world,) that we are not disposed to quarrel with the resemblance, or imitation, as may be; seeing that the imaginary character and tone are well maintained—the thinly-veiled personalities and the very strange adventures scattered here and there with a happy artlessness—and the journals of a summer tourist turned to fair account. A certain *façade* is observable in the style of this book, (we have no English word that so exactly conveys our meaning,) and a certain crafty touch will be recognized by 'the cunning' in the arrangement of the imaginary Diary,—both warranting the inquiry whether it be the work of a new writer or of an old favourite. If the former, he has managed to assume the ways of the latter with a curious felicity. We have half a fancy, indeed—but having been right about 'Cecil,' we will follow Lord Brougham's well-remembered counsel to a brother-member of parliament, and refrain from prophecy, as "a dangerous expenditure of ingenuity."—In any case, 'Horace Templeton' is probably the last of its race. Secretaries of Legation, real or imagined, may ere long have other combinations and passions to register. Summer tourists will presently pour forth their reminiscences of the Neapolitan massacre, the Danish blockade, the siege of Peschiera, the Vienna barricades; and the interpreters of the fall of the Rock of Cashel assure us that all this is but "the beginning of the end." There will be, assuredly, a new *deal* of topics; and whether they fall into hands capable of playing them with profit let the *Katterfellos* and those who shuffle the cards and "read the stars" declare. We must be content to wait and see. Meanwhile, with this sort of farewell feeling and the indulgence which it is calculated to engender, we will not part from the book without an extract. This shall be neither a Tyrolean legend—nor a thrilling recollection of Baden—nor the tragedy of the Lake of Como,—but a diplomatic anecdote or two.—

"Sir Gordon remarked, that in this quality of coolness and imperturbability he never saw any one surpass his friend, Sir Robert Darcy. One evening when playing at whist, at Potsdam, with the late King of Prussia, his Majesty, in a fit of inadvertence, appropriated to himself several gold pieces belonging to Sir Robert. The King at last perceived and apologized for his mistake, adding, 'Why did you not inform me of it?'—Because I knew your Majesty always makes restitution when you have obtained time for reflection.' Hanover was then on the tapis, and the King felt the allusion. I must not forget a trait of that peculiar sarcastic humour

for which Sir Robert was famous. Although a Whig—an old blue-and-yellow of the Fox school—he hated more than any man that mongrel party which, under the name of Whigs, have carried on the Opposition in Parliament for so many years; and of that party, a certain well-known advocate for economical reforms came in for his most especial detestation: perhaps he detested him particularly, because he had desecrated the high ground of Oppositional attack, and brought it down to paltry cavillings about the sums accorded to poor widows on the Pension List, or the amount of sealing-wax consumed in the Foreign Office. When, therefore, the honourable and learned gentleman, in the course of a Continental tour, happened to pass through the city where Sir Robert lived as ambassador, he received a card of invitation to dinner, far more on account of a certain missive from the Foreign Office, than from any personal claims he was possessed of. The Member of Parliament was a *gourmand* of the first water; he had often heard of Sir Robert's *cuisine*—various travellers had told him that such a table could not be surpassed, and so, although desirous of getting forward, he countermanded his horses, and accepted the invitation. Sir Robert, whose taste for good living was indisputable, no sooner read the note acceding to his request than he called his *attachés* together, and said, 'Gentlemen, you will have a very bad dinner to-day; but I request you will all dine here, as I have a particular object in expressing the wish.' Dinner-hour came; and after the usual ceremony, the party were seated at table, when a single soup appeared: this was followed by a dish of fish, and then, without *entrée* or *hors d'œuvre*, came a boiled leg of mutton, Sir Robert premising to his guest that it was to have no successor: adding, 'You see, sir, what a poor entertainment I have provided for you; but to this have the miserable economists in Parliament brought us—next session may carry it further, and leave us without even so much.' Joseph was sold, and never forgot it again."

The reproof administered by Sir Robert to Joseph has altogether an old-world and dowager air, entitling it to a place in a cabinet of curiosities;—not so the counsels which earned for the Economist his Barmecide feast. They may give birth to a new fry of Secretaries of Legation, and to "incidents of travel" as yet undreamed of.—But a truce to speculation.

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys. Vol. I.

[Second Notice.]

We resume our extracts from a book fertile in good things. That Pepys was a frequent playgoer is known, we have said, to every reader of his 'Diary' and of the recent accounts of the English stage. The former editions of the 'Diary,' however, contain scarcely one half of the recorded entries of his visits. The annotations to which he was sometimes subjected are related in his best manner.—

"19 January 1660/1. Went to the theatre, where I saw 'The Lost Lady,' which do not please me much. Here I was troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half-crown box, and I in the 1s. 0d.

"28 January 1660/1. To the theatre where I saw again 'The Lost Lady,' which do now please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady I was not troubled at all.

"16 Feb. 1660/1. To the theatre where I saw 'The Virgin Martyr,' a good, but too sober a play for the company.

"16 May 1661. To the theatre, and there saw the latter end of 'The Mayd's Tragedy,' which I never saw before, and methinks it is too sad and melancholy.

"25 May 1661. To the theatre, where I saw a piece of 'The Silent Woman,' which pleased me.

"4 June 1661. To the theatre, and saw 'Harry the 4th,' a good play.

"8 June 1661. To the theatre, and there saw 'Bartholomew Faire,' the first time it was acted now.

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a-days. It is a most admirable play, and well acted, but too much prophane and abusive.

"22 June 1661. Then to the theatre, 'The Alchemist,' which is a most incomparable play.

"23 July 1661. To the theatre, and saw 'Brennoralt,' I never saw before. It seemed a good play, but ill acted; only I sat before Mrs. Palmer, the king's mistress, and filled my eyes with her, which much pleased me.

"25 July 1661. To the theatre, and saw 'The Jovial Crew' (the first time I saw it), and indeed it is as merry and the most innocent play that ever I saw, and well performed.

"11 Aug. 1661. To the theatre. 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton,' a very merry play, the first time I ever saw it, which pleased me well.

"26 Aug. 1661. To the theatre, and saw 'The Antipodes,' wherein there is much mirth, but no great matter else.

"28 Sept. 1661. Sir W. Pen and his daughters, and I and my wife to the theatre, and there saw 'Father's own Son' a very good play, and the first time I ever saw it.

2 October 1661. To the theatre, but coming late, and sitting in an ill place, I never had so little pleasure in a play in my life, yet it was the first time that ever I saw it—'Victoria Corombona.' Methinks a very poor play.

"10 October 1661. Sir W. Pen and my wife and I to the theatre, where the King come to-day, and there was 'The Tumbler' most admirably acted; and a most excellent play it is.

"26 October 1661. My wife and I to the theatre, and there saw 'The Country Captain' the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years, a play of my Lord Newcastle's, but so silly a play as in all my life I never saw.

"28 October 1661. To the theatre, and there saw 'Appalus and Parthenia,' where a woman acted Parthenia, and come afterwards on the stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it.

"18 Nov. 1661. To the theatre to see 'Philaster' (which I never saw before), but I found it far short of my expectations.

"29 Nov. 1661. Sir W. Pen and I to the theatre, but it was so full that we could hardly get any room, so we went up to one of the boxes, and into the 18^d place; and there saw 'Love at First Sight,' a play of Mr. Killigrew's, and the first time that hath been acted since before the trouble, and great expectation there was, but I found the play to be a poor thing, and so I perceive everybody else do.

"21 May 1662. To the theatre, to the French Dancing Mistress, and there with much pleasure we saw and gazed upon Lady Castlemaine; but it troubles us to see her look dejectedly, and slighted by people already. The play pleased us very well; but Lady's part, the dancing mistress, the best in the world.

"22 May 1662. To the theatre, and saw 'Love in a Maze.' The play hath little in it, but Lady's part of a country fellow, which he did to admiration."

Lord Braybrooke omits to observe that whenever Pepys mentions "the Theatre" he means the King's or Killigrew's Theatre,—and whenever "the Opera," he refers to the Duke's or Davenant's. This is of importance in reading the 'Diary.' We have separated the entries.—The following relate to the Opera. Betterton was only twenty-six years old when he played Hamlet "beyond imagination."

"23 Aug. 1661. To W. Joyce's, where my wife was, and I took her to the Opera, and showed her 'The Wits,' (which I had seen already twice), and was most highly pleased with it.

"24 Aug. 1661. To the Opera, and there saw 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark' done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination.

"11 September 1661. Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields, observed at the Opera a new play, 'Twelfth Night,' was acted there, and the King there, so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me; and I took no pleasure at all in it; and so after it was done, went home with my mind troubled for my going thither, after my

swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her.

"21 October 1661. To the Opera, which is now newly begun to act again, after some alteration of their scene which do make it very much worse; but the play 'Love and Honour' being the first time of their acting it, is a very good plot, and well done.

"1 March 1661/2. To the Opera, and there saw 'Romeo and Juliet,' the first time that it was ever acted; but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw those people do, and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.

"2 April 1662. To the Opera, and there saw 'The Bondman' most excellently acted; and though we had seen it so often, yet I never liked it better than to-day, Ianthie acting Cleron's part very well now Roxolana is gone. We are resolved to see no more plays till Whitsuntide, we having been three days together.

"20 May 1662. My wife and I by coach to the Opera, and there saw the second part of 'The Siege of Rhodes,' but it is not so well done as when Roxolana was there, who it is said is now owned by my Lord of Oxford.

"23 May 1662. To the Opera, where we saw 'Witt in a Constable,' the first time that it is acted; but so silly a play I never saw I think in my life."

There are other references to plays and playhouses which the lovers of the English drama will be glad to receive. The entry about the Blackfriars refers to Apothecaries' Hall, and the entry about the puppet play to 'Punchinello'—then a novelty in London.—

"5 Dec. 1660. After dinner went to the New Theatre, and there I saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' acted—the humours of the country gentleman and the French Doctor very well done, but the rest but very poorly, and Sir J. Falstaff as bad as any.

"29 January 1660/1. To Blackfriars (the first time I was ever there since plays began), and there after great patience and little expectations from so poor beginnings, I saw three acts of 'The mayd in y Mill' acted to my great content.

"19 March 1661. Mr. Creed and I to Whitefriars, where we saw 'The Bondman' acted most excellently, and though I have seen it often, yet I am every time more and more pleased with Betterton's action.

"2 April 1661. To Whitefriars, and saw 'The Little Thief,' which is a very merry and pretty play, and the little boy do very well.

"17 Aug. 1661. Troubled in mind that I cannot bring myself to mind my business, but to be so much in love of plays.

"30 Dec. 1661. With my wife to the play, and saw 'D'Ambois' which I never saw.

"1 January 1661/2. By coach to see the play of 'The Spanish Curate'; and a good play it is, only Diego, the sexton, did over do his part too much.

"9 May 1662. To Covent Garden, thence to see an Italian puppet-play that is within the rayles there—the best that ever I saw, and great resort of gallants.

"9 September 1661. To Salisbury Court playhouse, where was acted the first time, 'Tis pity she's a Whore,' a simple play and ill-acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and ingenious lady, which pleased me much.

"36 May 1662. To the Redd Bull, where we saw 'Dr. Faustus,' but so wretchedly and poorly done that we were sick of it."

Another entry relating to plays deserved a note from Lord Braybrooke.

"24 March 1662. I went to see if any play was acted, and I found none upon the post it being Passion Week."

The expression "post" must be Greek to many, but it is clearly explained by an anecdote recorded by Taylor the Water Poet:—

"Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet Street a great pace, a gentleman called him and asked him what play was played that day? He (being angry to be stayed upon so frivolous a demand) answered that he might see what play was to be played upon every post. I cry you mercy (said the gentleman) I took you for a post you rode so fast."

We hope to observe in the second volume that Lord Braybrooke will have paid more attention to a book which requires a great deal of care and minute reading to render the allusions of the writer as explicit as they should be.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abbott's (Rev. J.) *Rolls at Play*, new edition, square, 1s. 6d. cl.
 Abstract of the Special Railway Acts, 1817, 12mo. 1s. cl.
 Adams's Guide to the Channel Islands, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Alexander's (Prof. J. A.) *Prophecies of Isaiah*, by Eadie, 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Allison's *First Lessons in Geography*, 18th edition, 18mo. 9s. 6d. cl.
 Anti-Fake Monetary System, 8vo. 6d. swd.
 Ansted's (Prof.) *Ancient World*, 2nd edition, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Barry (Rev. J.) *On the Palseusness, &c. of Anabaptism*, 18mo. 2s. cl.
 Blomfield's (J. E.) *Poor Christian's Companion*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Caughby's (Rev. J.) *Second Voice from America*, 12mo. 6d. swd.
 Charles the First, Court and Times of, 3 vols. 8vo. 3s. cl.
 Channing's (W. E.) *Lectures on the Laboring Community*, 24mo. 2s. 6d. swd.
 Channing's (W. E.) *Address on Temperance*, 3rd ed. 24mo. 2d. swd.
 Course of Life, for Christian Females, 8s. 6d. cl.
 Cochran's (Rev. J.) *Discourses on some Familiar Texts*, 8s. 6d. cl.
 Coghlan's *Pocket Picture of London*, by Lee, new ed. 32mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Colinton's (Rev. M. A.) *Sermons on Various Subjects*, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
 Complete Correspondent (The), *Original Letters*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Cumming's (Rev. J. G.) *History of the Isle of Man*, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
 De Forquer's *Key to Italian Grammar*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 East India Register and Army List, 1848, 2nd ed. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Euripides Phœnix, edit. K. Porson, new ed. 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.
 Euripides, *Porson's Four Plays of Notes*, new ed. 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Howitt's (W. Hall) and the Hamlet, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Syme's (J.) *Analytical Geometry*, 3rd ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
 Jameson's (Mrs.) *Mother's Dictionary*, 7th edition, 7s. 6d. cl.
 Jerrold's *Shilling Magazine*, Vol. VII. crown 8vo. 7s. cl.
 Last Will and Testament of the Second Advent, 3 vols. 12mo. 8s. cl.
 History and Remains of the Author of 'The Lister,' 8s. 6d. cl.
 Longfellow's (Prof.) *Voices of the Night*, 8s. 6d. swd.
 Luke's (Rev. F. V.) *Personal Sermon on Mrs. Angerstein*, 8vo. 1s. swd.
 M'Chesney's (Rev. R.) *Familiar Letters*, royal 8vo. 6d. cl.
 Maurice's (F. D.) *Nine Sermons on the Lord's Prayer*, 8s. 6d. cl.
 McGregor's (J.) *Germany, her Resources*, 8s. 6d. cl.
 Still's (with Wilson's) *Continuation*, 8 vols. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
 Morell's (T.) *On Christian Baptism*, 8s. 6d. cl.
 Nicholas Nickleby, by Charles Dickens, post 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Nicholas Nickleby, Three Portraits to, by Finden, 8vo. 1s. swd.
 Norie's (J. W.) *Epitome of Navigation*, 14th edition, 8vo. 6d. cl.
 Olivier's *Parliamentary and Political Dictionary*, 1848, 12mo. 6d. swd.
 Ovid's *Fæstus* (Westminster), new edition, crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
 Patterson's (Rev. A. S.) *Commentary on Timothy and Titus*, 8s. 6d. cl.
 Filian's (Prof.) *Word for the Universities of Scotland*, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Robertson on Diet and Regimen, 4th ed. Vol. II. post 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Saunders's (T. W.) *Law and Practice of Adultery*, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
 Sharpe's *London Magazine*, Vol. VI. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
 Soyer's *Gastronomic Regenerator*, 2nd edition, 8vo. 21s. cl.
 St. John's Revolution in Europe, No. II. royal 8vo. 6d. swd.
 Stirling's (W.) *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, 3 vols. 8vo. 2s. cl.
 Sugar Cultivation, by an European, &c. Manufacturer, Pt. I. 8vo. 4s.
 Sylvan's *Pictorial Hand-Book to Caledonia Canal*, 8s. 6d. cl.
 Sylvan's *Pictorial Hand-Book to Galloway, or the Land of Burns*, 1s. 6d. cl.
 Swaine's *Genealogy, or the Physiology of Woman*, 8vo. 1s. cl.
 Tapping's (T.) *Law and Practice of Writ of Mandamus*, royal 8vo. 21s.
 Tighe's (G. T.) *Travels in Kashmir*, 3 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl.
 Voice of Many Waters, a Tale, by Mrs. D. Osborne, square 12mo. 2s.
 Water Cure in America (The), royal 12mo. 6s. cl.
 Whitehead's (H.) *Sketch of Established Church in India*, 6s. 4s. cl.
 Whitman's *Family Papers on Historical Books of the Bible*, 8vo. 6s.
 Woodward's (H.) *Poetic Sketch Book*, 1s. 6d. cl.
 Woodward's *On Study of Polarized Light*, 8vo. 3s. cl.
 Wise's (E.) *Laws relating to Riots*, &c., 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.

BIOGRAPHIES OF GOLDSMITH.

A literary quarrel has arisen between two gentlemen both connected honourably by their labours with the name of Goldsmith—the subject-matter of the quarrel involving a principle of copyright on which, since it has been brought before the public, we feel it right to pronounce an opinion. We had heard of this matter some time ago; but purposely avoided any reference to it, under the belief that it was altogether a matter of personal feeling—and the expectation that the party who thinks himself aggrieved would come, on reflection, to see it in that light. In this, however, we have been mistaken—one of our contemporaries having given publicity to an *ex parte* statement of the case. The story is shortly this. Mr. Prior complains that Mr. Forster's one-volume 'Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith,' recently published, and reviewed in our columns [ante, p. 405], is a wholesale piracy from his two-volume 'Life of Goldsmith,' published eleven years since—in 1837. Mr. Prior's argument having been made public last week in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*, without the fair accompaniment of Mr. Forster's reply, though that was then in the hands of the parties publishing—it is not for their sake that we now precede Mr. Forster's defence, communicated to us, by a reprint of Mr. Prior's statement—but in order that our readers may have the case fully before them and be enabled to judge of the completeness of Mr. Forster's answer. Mr. Prior writes to the *Literary Gazette* as follows:—

The following letters pretty well explain themselves; the second being written first in the order of time, but was only sent upon a second note arriving from Mr. Forster expressing discontent at his first not being answered. I had no previous acquaintance with that gentleman, and the cor-

responsence was therefore forced upon me.—I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

JAMES PRIOR.

"Sir,—After the inclosed letter had been written, some friends suggested that I should enter into no correspondence with you on this subject. Their idea was, that any person commonly conversant with literature might see at once that your book was borrowed, not partially, but *in extenso*, from mine, and could not have had existence without it—that, in short, you had no more claim to original authorship in 'The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith, a Biography,' than you would have to 'The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner,' were such a production now to be drawn up in your own style, with your name annexed, and issued to the public as *new*.

"But as your second note to me implies something of annoyance at the first not being answered, and as a few of your reviewing friends seem, rather injudiciously, to wish to push you forward to a position (that is, as an original writer) which in this instance it is impossible you can attain or deserve, I think it better to transmit at once what had been written, but hitherto withheld, and to make any other use of it I please. You will do me the favour, however, of recollecting that I do so unwillingly, and that the circumstances mentioned leave me no option in the matter.

"I am, sir, your very obedient servant,
"John Forster, Esq.
The letter alluded to and inclosed is as follows:—

"Richmond, May 20 (or 21), 1848.
"Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your note and volumes. The word *private* was marked upon the parcel. Why, I do not understand, as a published book and the questions which it may involve of property, legal as well as literary, cannot well be private. I therefore beg it to be understood that your communications, whether I think proper to make them so, are to be considered *public*.

"As a matter of courtesy, I accept your volume. But I cannot consent to do so without stating distinctly that its contents thus given out under your name—as far as they relate to Goldsmith—are, and have been for eleven years past, that is, since the publication of my life of him, exclusively mine. They are mine in substance as in details; in dates, facts, and innumerable personal matters—in the discovery of many of his writings previously unknown—in the ascertainment of several doubtful points—in all the data, in short, which go to form authentic biography, as distinct from what then only existed of him in the form of an imperfect and scanty biographical preface. These were gleaned with great care and industry, hunted for them in England, Ireland, Scotland, and several parts of the Continent. London, its libraries, collections, and localities, were traversed in their length and breadth, for some years, in the pursuit. They therefore cost me much time, much labour, and were acquired at considerable expense. Several were supplied to me as matter of personal favour, and would not have been given to any one else. Yet all these you have appropriated to your own purposes, without permission, and with the smallest degree of acknowledgment in a few places; while, in many more, the source is studiously obscured, so as to appear to give the credit of the research or discovery to others.

"Acknowledgment, however, is not the question. I complain of unscrupulous pilage—of pilage, from my first page to my last. And I would inquire, with great deference, by what authority in law or in letters you seize upon a publication to which you have no possible claim in any way, but two volumes of a writer who has not the honour of your acquaintance, and transplant the whole, with some dexterity in form, in order to evade the law of copyright, into a book of your own? Remember, this was not free quotation for a review article, an occasional biographical sketch, or a contribution to your magazine, in which such a proceeding is admissible, and to which no author objects; but it is a wholesale abstraction, in order to make a bulky work of no less than seven hundred pages, upon a subject for which you yourself did not possess two pages of original information.

"Again, I would inquire—and I really wish to know the fact for the sake of literature at large—whether such a proceeding is common among literary men of character—and if so, whether it is considered quite fair? If it be so, I see no reason why you may not sit down next week, transfer the contents of Mr. Hallam's excellent volumes—all ready for use, like mine, without the labour of research—into your own language, add such remarks as you think necessary, and in a year or two hence produce the book as a new and important 'History of the Middle Ages.' Or even a tale of Mr. Dickens, or a work of fact or fiction of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, or any of the recent biographies issued by the publisher of mine, may by the same licence be subjected to the same operation. Authors of their well-earned fame, indeed, may be careless of the matter, and submit quietly to the process, as having much reputation to spare. But it is different with me. I possess none; certainly none so superior as to present to the world; and you cannot be surprised if I feel somewhat displeased at the attempt to deprive me of that which industry, successful investigation, and a straightforward story had gained. Nay, may I not venture to surmise that this comparative obscurity had something to do with your choice of a theme already so exhausted that not a fact could be given but what I furnished, in the hope of forcing it into notice by means of a wide and long professional complexion with the press, and with the means by which a certain degree of notoriety in it is obtained?

"You tell me in your note, that my labours upon Goldsmith have had 'no more earnest advocate, both publicly and privately, than yourself.' If so, I am obliged by your good opinion, and can readily believe it, by my authority being diligently copied and implicitly followed even where there is no reference to it. But why then enter upon the same subject yourself, make use of all I had rescued from an almost hopeless oblivion, and announce it under the 'taking' title of 'Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith,' as if

there were something new in his career to be revealed, when there is nothing whatever?

"The whole of your original material connected with the poet consists, it appears, of no more than three short notes, of no moment in themselves, two being merely requests for money, and making together in the number of words they contain *exactly one and a half of your own pages*. This, I believe, will be considered an extremely narrow foundation on which to build a very massive volume. Other matters thrown up by time and of old date were, doubtless, at your service, as at those of any other person. But my acquisitions, being recent and extensive, were not so; and permit me to say, were your example generally adopted, the law of copyright would be virtually abrogated or contracted to a term of ten or twelve years, for such only is the period my work has been before the public. The introduction of illustrations, of anecdotes of other persons, or of the age in which they lived—a matter of money or taste, as it may be—does not in the least alter the main fact. Under such a merely colourable variation or evasion, no literary property is safe, whether for eleven, five, or three years, or for one year. And although your written communication disclaims all idea of rivalry, yet in what other light, either as to its title or substance, is it possible to view your production? Nay, in what other light is it viewed by your brethren of the press, who can arrive at no other conclusion than that the copy, under your name, however deficient in connexion, in fulness, in spirit, or in authenticated details, is meant as a substitute for the *original*, under mine?—that my shadow is set up as the rival of myself! I am constrained, therefore, to appeal in the strongest terms against an extent of *appropriation*, to use no harsher name, of which I know no similar instance in modern literary history.

"An opinion to the same effect, pretty strongly expressed, was forwarded to several literary friends before your communication reached me. And be assured, it is with extreme regret that I feel thus compelled to do justice to myself while examining the act of a gentleman who I understand pursues literature as a profession, and whose labours I should be happy to applaud and add to the best of my power when employed upon a topic fairly open to him, and in which he has so thoroughly sifted the matter already as to leave nothing of the slightest moment for him to add.—I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

"John Forster, Esq.

JAS. PRIOR."

The following is Mr. Forster's reply communicated to us.—

June 8.

The letters published by the editor of the *Literary Gazette* in his paper of Saturday the 3rd of June, and which purport to have been sent to him by Mr. Prior on the 23rd of May, were delivered at my chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by post, on the evening of the latter day—the 23rd. On the morning of Wednesday the 24th I forwarded by post to Mr. Prior the subjoined acknowledgment of the receipt of those letters.—

"Wednesday, May 24th, 1848,
58, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Sir,—I received last night your letters dated the 5th and 21st of May, purporting to be the acknowledgment of a note of mine of the 26th of April. You inform me at the same time that you may perhaps 'think proper' to make these letters public.

"You can act as you please in that respect; but you will understand that you are not at liberty to do so, till I have answered such direct charges affecting myself as these letters appear to be intended to convey. This I cannot do without certain books which are not now in my possession, and which it will take me a few days to obtain. Before this day week you shall have my answer.

"Meanwhile, I content myself with explicitly informing you that you have not made a charge against me in your letters which does not involve a misstatement, and which I shall not as completely disprove as I now, in the strongest language which is permitted me, contradict and deny it.—Your obedient servant,
JOHN FORSTER."

In redemption of this pledge I forwarded to Mr. Prior, on Wednesday the 31st of May, by hand (the servant at his residence in Cambridge Terrace under the answer subjoined.—

"Tuesday, May 30th, 1848,
58, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Sir,—In a letter dated May 5th, which I received from you on the 23rd of May, and referring to a similar statement which you tell me you had previously circulated among your 'literary friends,' you charge me generally, as the writer of a recent 'Life of Goldsmith' (which I had sent you with a courteous private note), with having taken the whole of the 'facts' relating to Goldsmith contained in it from a previous work upon the same subject written by yourself. In support of this charge, you inform me that 'the whole of the original matter connected with the poet' supplied by my work does not amount in extent to two pages; and that the additional 700

pages, in so far as they relate facts in Goldsmith's life, and are not mere criticism, or reflection, or anecdotes of other persons, or of the age in which they lived, are a 'wholesale abstraction' from your 'Life of Goldsmith.' This, stripped of expressions and comparisons which require no notice from me, is the substance of your letter; and to this, without bandying any such expressions with you, I now specifically reply.

"First let me state that the principal books strictly descriptive of the facts of Goldsmith's life which were before me when I began my narrative, were the Memoir sanctioned by Bishop Percy (ed. 1801); the Memoir reprinted, with additions, by Evans the bookseller (1780) from that written in 'The Annual Register' by Glover, and revised by Malone in the Dublin edition of the 'Poems' (1777, one volume; not two, as you state); the Memoir by Dr. Anderson (1794); the Life by Isaac Reed prefixed to Bulmer's quarto of 1795; a Memoir by the late Mr. Mudford, prefixed to 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the somewhat elaborate Memoir prefixed to the Glasgow edition of the Miscellaneous Works (1816); the Life by Sir Walter Scott in Ballantyne's 'Novels'; a Memoir containing some original research prefixed to a duodecimo edition of the Works (in four volumes) since republished by Mr. Bohn; Mr. Mitford's Life in the Aldine Poets; the Rev. Edward Mangin's information contained in his Essay (1808); some facts about the Milners and their school (in an account of Peckham, I think,—but the book, which was lent to me by Mr. Jerrold, I have not now at hand); and your Memoir, published in two volumes in 1836, and itself so deeply indebted (of course) to such preceding publications, that if the facts contained in them had been prohibited to your use, your work could never have been undertaken.

"The early history of Goldsmith's life up to his engagement on the *Monthly Review* occupies 220 pages in your biography and 74 in mine,—your page being somewhat the larger. The first fact for which I am indebted to you here, is noticed by me at p. 9 as the result of 'the inquiries of Mr. Prior, the poet's last and most careful biographer.' The second is acknowledged as your 'discovery' at p. 14. The third, though merely a mention of Goldsmith's college rooms and friends, is also connected with your name (p. 17). The correction of an erroneous date in the matriculation was supplied to me in a letter from the present Provost of Dublin by Mr. Bolton Corney. The fourth direct obligation to you is mentioned with your name at p. 38, as the discovery of two new but unimportant letters. The fifth is introduced at p. 50; and a material error connected with it, into which you had fallen, is set right. The sixth is attributed to you at p. 65. I have also availed myself occasionally (to the extent of some thirty or forty lines in all) of communications to you from Mr. Graham, Mr. Beatty, Doctor Wilson, and Mr. Mills (the names of these authorities being always mentioned, and the terms of their communications left untouched in your pages); and I have spoken of a Greek Lexicon supposed to have belonged to the poet, which you state to be in your possession. With these exceptions, this portion of my narrative is derived from sources as wholly independent of yours, as in its construction, character, and tone it has a purpose entirely original and distinct from yours; but of which it does not become me here to speak.

"The second portion, descriptive of the first two years of the poet's literary life, occupies 105 of my pages, and 103 of yours; and as anything more strikingly dissimilar than these two narratives, professing to deal with the same subject, could probably not be imagined, I must be content to leave others to decide between them. In three or four instances, however, I am again indebted to you for facts, which I have acknowledged with scrupulous care. The first is the collection of Goldsmith's anonymous reviews, which I mention at p. 81 to have been made by you; the second is a letter which I describe you to have originally published (p. 117; as carefully refraining, however, from copying your surmises as to the torn or erased passages, as from adopting your earlier assumption that 'a letter to Mrs. Landor' had brought Charles Goldsmith to London); the third is the rejection at Surgeons' Hall, which I describe you to have 'succeeded in discovering'

and the fourth, where only I have omitted the mention of your name, is a letter (p. 143) which was in Heber's Collection when you quoted it, but which has since become the property of a gentleman (Mr. Bullock of Islington) who was good enough to offer it to me.

"The third section of my book occupies 263 pages; the space of time in the poet's life which is there described extends over 340 pages in your volumes; and the dissimilarity in substance and detail, in manner, spirit, and intention, is as decisively marked as in the section preceding. The public knowledge of Goldsmith dates from this time; the sources of information respecting him become varied and extensive; and, with one material exception, to be presently noted, I have here scarcely any obligation to confess to you. There is not a book, a newspaper (I taxed the courtesy of Mr. Cates of the British Museum too much in the latter respect to refrain from here acknowledging it), or a collection of letters in any way bearing on this time, to which I could obtain access, the contents of which, so far as they could illustrate my subject, I did not thoroughly master and reproduce in that memoir, which you assert to be a mere abstract of yours. I have been content to wade through letters (those of Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Vesey are an instance) for the chance of obtaining as many lines about Goldsmith as I had volumes to read. In no instance did I fail to consult the original authorities. Where you, quoting even Boswell at second-hand, continue a mistake made in the Percy Memoir ('pleasure for 'plume'; Percy, p. 110, Prior, vol. i. p. 374), I have copied no such error. You had omitted one of the most characteristic of the Goldsmith anecdotes related by Davies: it will be found at pp. 413-414 of my volume. Another, mentioned by Miss Hawkins and omitted by you, will be found at p. 414. A third and more important omission is supplied at pp. 418-425 of my memoir; in the first formal description of the Wednesday or Goldsmith Club, of which your volumes do not contain a mention. The letter at pp. 409-411, a most interesting one, is printed by me for the first time; and as an illustration of the use which I have made of the various original and other correspondences consulted (restricting myself here, as you seem oddly to think I should do, to those where Goldsmith is specifically mentioned), I would refer you to p. 405 of my volume. You have challenged the enumeration of these things, which I should not otherwise have troubled myself to give; and it is with greater pleasure to myself I now detail what this portion of my memoir owes to you, as it is with no doubt of my perfect right, without any personal 'permission' or 'acquaintance,' to incur such obligation. The grandson of Newbery the publisher placed at your disposal several booksellers' receipts and accounts, which, when you made them public, became matter of literary history, became the property of all men; and if I had chosen to use them a month after their first publication, instead of waiting twelve years, I conceive that I should have had a perfect right to do so. The knowledge of this kind that can be acquired from the contents of a book, is free for every man's use (the same rule by no means governing works of fact and of fiction, as you strangely seem to suppose); and at pp. 240, 241, 243, 260, 261, 297, 306, and 392 of my volume, such facts have been used by me: making in all, perhaps, the substance of two or three pages (for I have simply used the fact, never the exact language of the agreements or receipts); and I may add that, with the exception of some of the agreements of Davies, and some memoranda of Newbery's which Mr. Rogers permitted me to copy from the originals in his possession, the few booksellers' accounts subsequently mentioned in my biography were first made public in yours. There are also brief anecdotes at pp. 200 and 377, and two brief notices at p. 412, which appeared originally, I believe, in your memoir. The anecdotes are retold by me. My volume does not contain a single line of your writing. I have never had occasion to apply to you, or quote you, for a word of comment or of criticism, literary or personal; and I have nowhere adopted a thought, an expression, a view of character, a construction of any particular fact, or a decision on any doubtful point, suggested or made by you.

"The fourth and last division of my narrative occupies 246 of my pages, and the same period is

included in 413 of yours. Here, again, the design and intention of the two books so widely diverge that nothing remains common to them but the dates and broader facts of Goldsmith's life; and what I have to acknowledge of profit to myself from your preceding labour is small indeed, and in every instance studiously acknowledged in its place. It consists of an occasional memorandum (here, as in every similar instance, the original authority being left as it stands in your volumes, unquoted and unappropriated by me), derived from certain tailors' accounts which you were the first to publish, and formally stated at p. 512 to have been your 'discovery'; also of a line or two of information derived from the family of a Mr. Seguin, acknowledged with your name (p. 466); of the substance of a communication from Mr. Day, to which your name is attached (p. 568); of one or two brief and unimportant anecdotes at pp. 477, 481, 529, and 664, which were originally mentioned, I believe, by you; of some half dozen lines about one of Goldsmith's country residences, stated to have been derived from you (p. 587); and of a letter entrusted to you by Mr. Singer and reprinted with your name at p. 553. These exceptions made, every word that remains is the fruit of original research. Where you have fallen into error I have avoided it. Where you have mistold a story or omitted its point (vol. ii., p. 140-141; vol. ii., p. 182-183) I tell it correctly (p. 468 and p. 478). I have not even availed myself of your transcription of a book so common to us all as Mrs. Piozzi's anecdotes (compare p. 167 of your second volume with my 461st page). Where you misapply a letter copied by you from Cradock's 'Memoirs' (vol. ii., p. 390) I have given it (p. 596) its proper application. Where you give what I believe to be the least correct version of an anecdote (vol. ii., p. 389) I give the most correct version with the proper authority (p. 631). Where (as in your collection of the poems, vol. iv., p. 159) you describe certain lines as the last Goldsmith ever wrote and as first spoken twenty-four days after his death, I have given the date of the lines correctly (p. 632 and p. 658) as written and spoken nearly a year before his death. Where you misquote a letter of Beaulieu's in a point which happens to contain the authority for the anecdote it tells ('he' for 'we,' vol. ii., p. 482), I do not follow your example (p. 669). I have published an important original letter in this part of my narrative (p. 672); another, less important, in my Appendix (p. 703); and a third from the published papers of the Bunbury family (concerning Goldsmith's connection with whom I received valuable information from Mr. Corney). Three other unpublished letters of Goldsmith I had hoped to have obtained from the lady in whose possession they are understood to be (a connection of the family of Mr. Mills, of Roscommon), but did not obtain them. From my researches through other correspondences, however, I succeeded in deriving many incidental notices of Goldsmith and his affairs, to some of which I may refer you at pp. 453, 463, 586, 590, 606, 676, and 689 of my memoir. Other notices, not unimportant, which you appear to have wholly overlooked in the memoirs of Davies, of Miss Hawkins, Miss Reynolds and Gray, you will find at pp. 488, 683, 505, 521, and 537. Where Sir Walter Scott had fallen into a curious error, since very frequently repeated, in using supposed quotations (in themselves extremely interesting and important) from the memoirs of Lee Lewes, and you, appearing to have had no means of correcting him beyond the fact that Lee Lewes's book contained no such statements, avoid altogether repeating or referring to the matter quoted,—I have given the passages in question (with many additions of even greater interest) to their right author (pp. 474-5). Lastly, I will take the liberty to refer you for anecdotes of the poet (many of them most characteristic and valuable) hitherto scattered through old magazines or forgotten books, unnoticed and apparently unknown by you, and now first published in any memoir of Goldsmith, to pp. 465, 467-8, 469-470, 478, 479, 490, 492-493, 527, and 616-17 of the book which you have not hesitated to describe as containing not two pages of original information 'connected with the poet.'

"As to the claim which you put forth to an absolute property and possession in such 'dates, facts, and innumerable personal matters' of Goldsmith's life

as you may yourself have discovered, I have only to say that it is based on an assumption which, if admitted or sanctioned to the smallest extent, would be the most serious invasion of the rights of literature that has been practised or attempted in any country.

"Your obedient servant, JOHN FORSTER."

With my first answer to his charges more than ten days in his possession, with this second and more complete answer in his possession four days, Mr. Prior's letters have appeared in the *Literary Gazette* without an allusion to mine.

The Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, receiving Mr. Prior's letters (with the addition of a third, intended to be as offensive as it is really harmless) on what purports to have been the second day after they were sent to me, but which was in fact the self-same day, keeps those letters ten days in his possession before he publishes them; assuming it to be at that time doubtful "if" I have "thought fit to answer" them, and never inquiring of me, or (as it would seem) of Mr. Prior, whether I had written any answer.

Having been absent from town, I was not aware until yesterday afternoon of the publication in the *Literary Gazette*. Believe me, &c., JOHN FORSTER.

JUNE 8.

"* Our readers will perceive that there is no pretence whatever for the charge of plagiarism in the terms used which Mr. Prior brings against Mr. Forster. But on the question of vested right itself in biographical materials we think it clear, besides, that Mr. Prior puts forward pretensions not to be for a moment sustained. We admit that there is a hardship in the case suffered by Mr. Prior—whose literary property is unquestionably depreciated by Mr. Forster's volume. But the hardship is that which every author or publisher sustains, in a greater or less degree, whose book is substituted by a better—or a newer. A very much greater hardship would accrue to the public if this were not so; and in a question between general and individual interests, the public rights must be those maintained. No one can write properly a memoir of Goldsmith without being under great obligations to Mr. Prior—as Mr. Prior could not have written his without being under obligations to his predecessors,—and repaying that obligation by the depreciation of more ancient properties. In all such cases—as we have only recently had occasion to maintain—acknowledgment is a moral and literary debt; and this Mr. Forster has not omitted amply to pay.

Mr. Prior's assumption is, that he has made Goldsmith his own;—and his complaint against Mr. Forster is good against any one who shall assume to re-write the Life of the poet and novelist, unless he omit all those facts of it on which Mr. Prior has put his seal. The events of Goldsmith's life are sequestered by Mr. Prior to his own beneficial use. The history of the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' must be read henceforth in his octavos—or nowhere. Now, the matter in issue seems to us to reduce itself to two propositions:—and Mr. Forster must have a verdict on both. Can the fact of Mr. Prior's having written a biography of Goldsmith give him the right to warn all others off the ground? If not, is not any subsequent biographer bound by the conditions of his office to use all authentic materials that have been discovered—and by whomsoever discovered—before his time relative to his subject-matter? There is a curious confusion in Mr. Prior's mind between the right to works of imagination and the right to works of fact. The first are the product of a man's own mind—the last a mere conversion to his use of what all the world may use as well as he. No labour bestowed on a series of facts can make them any man's private property. An author cannot by seizure acquire a right of monopoly in the events of another man's life—though he may have employed great industry in discovering them, and therefore seem to suffer a hardship. He who by long seeking should find ores in land belonging to the public would not thereby acquire the right to appropriate the ores. In a word, Mr. Prior's materials, with whatever amount of trouble collected, when once collected are public materials:—and he cannot plead a law of "treasure trove" against all the world, even for facts which first turned up to himself.

THE JUNK AT BLACKWALL.

THE established phrase in commendation of the Chinese Junk *Keying*, now under view at Blackwall—the sight how incomparable by way of whet to a white-bait dinner!—is “that one is taken into China.” This is true enough. The row of gaudy wicker shields—the painted railings—the wondrous effigy of Chanticleer on the stern (set round with a florid tree-peony pattern)—the dragon at the mast-head—the matted sail, which lies in such stiff yet not ungraceful folds—all these among the first sights which arrest the eye on entering the enclosure do verily make up something like a scrap of another world. But after all, the marvel is not so much “that we are there,” as that “they are here.” Having explored glaciers and grottos at the Colosseum, and a Flowery Land, with Celestial Youth at their tea, close to one of the main arteries of Belgravia, the Londoner is prepared for any length of flight on paying his shilling—what a prosaic mode, by the way, of turning the screw of Wooden-peg the Winged! But how the *Keying* got to Blackwall, even with the connivance of the stars, is indeed little short of a miracle. We have hitherto imagined certain marine landscapes on jars and desert-plates to be grotesque and agreeable fictions; but shall do so no more—having trod the narrow deck which has performed such a long and perilous voyage—mounted to the dizzy poop, fancying the while a stiff gale—touched the rudder, with its deliciously awkward apparatus of bamboo ropes, and conceived that clumsy creature calling on the good ship to obey when instant obedience was a matter of Life and Death! Nor are the crew and head passenger without their share in the whimsical wonder. Of course—as we heard a visitor pertinently remark—“they could not have had their heads so neatly dressed when they were at sea;”—of course, too, the Mandarin, who sits in his berth, cornerwise with the Idols, to be looked at by the ladies, hardly faced foul weather in that pale-green crape petticoat!—But how did that shrewd very old gentleman the artist of the party contrive to do his part in the ship, with those long nails on his fingers? These are matters nearly as mysterious to us as the drone and the kilt of Her Majesty’s piper are said to have been to the Celestial navigators: and the mystery gives a zest to a show which in itself is “first chop”—as we say in China. We beg to decline entering upon the marine anatomy of the Junk: to describe which aright we suspect would puzzle even such authorities as Seppings and Symons themselves. Nor can we offer any inventory of the precious pictures, the curious crockery, and the marble-bottomed chairs of much state and little ease which adorn what stands for the cabin,—the partitions of the berths, we presume, having been knocked away. Let every one go and see the Junk for himself—the mechanic for the satisfaction of his Barbarian self-love,—the sight-seer as “a very queer show,”—the speculative man (distinguished from the speculators who have achieved the miraculous task of piloting the *Keying* hither) for the awakening of such comparisons, fancies—not to say dreams—as, in our case, added a great charm to the matter-of-fact strangeness of the exhibition.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 3.

HAD the principal aim of some of your correspondents been to divert attention from the real grievances under which the Royal and some other Societies are crushed into utter uselessness, they could not have done so more effectively than by wasting pathos on the mere external forms in which the disease common to them all may happen to be manifested. The lust of fame, of money, or of patronage which is manifested by the governing cliques in all of them has rendered one rich and all the others poor—one powerful and arbitrary whilst few of the others have sufficient pecuniary resources to meet the occasional exigencies to which all societies are liable. When a society gets into difficulties, the blame is immediately fixed upon the council and secretaries—and very often, it must be confessed, with strict justice; but if this be the true test, the Council of the Royal should be held up to the world as a paragon. The real questions as regards finance are simply these:—Has the money been expended on proper objects?—have those objects been

effected in the utmost degree that the money could command?—and have judicious means been taken to keep up the funds of the Society to the extent required by its professed objects?

Though few of the Societies—if any—can answer these questions candidly and satisfactorily, there are others yet more important which must be asked and answered before the scientific public will place confidence in their principle or their working. Nor can any security be given for their ever working better so long as the Fellows manifest their present apathy in respect to the *soi-disant* “election” of “packed Councils.” In fact, not one in twenty of the Fellows of any one of our London Societies either attends the ordinary meetings with any regularity or takes the slightest interest in the proceedings; except, indeed, when any charge against the officers of the Society is publicly made—and then, the “whipper-in” collects them like a flock of sheep to give their “conservative” votes. The great majority of the Fellows have only become so because as a commercial transaction the investment was a good one—the title which they thus acquired being “useful and valuable” to them in their professional career, and they becoming “useful and valuable members of the Society” by the payment of their fees and compositions. More of the real evil which afflicts these Societies (and the Royal especially) arises from this cause than from the introduction of prime ministers, peers, and millionaires—much, and deservedly, as this latter system has been recently denounced. These distinguished persons, indeed, are literally dragged into the Royal Society by the importunities of the managing cliques—as is, indeed, well known. However, the really great incubus on the Society is the immense portion of the professional classes who care for science only as it contributes to their professional success—and who would not subscribe a sixpence or give a single hour of their time to the interests of the body except where it offers to themselves good pecuniary interest. To a greater or less extent this is the case in all the Societies. The Royal Society is a stalking-horse to practice and employment;—and the minor Societies are viewed as stepping-stones to the Royal.

I am, I confess, one of those who look very hopelessly on all attempts at reforming the Royal Society—short of obtaining for it a new charter more in accordance with the age in which we live. Its constitution is unsound; and its whole mass as regards its proper and professed functions is vitiated to the core. It must be entirely reconstituted; otherwise it may almost as well be left alone to fulfil the mission upon which it seems bent—that of presenting to history an extraordinary example of the way in which the public can be gulled by the name of “Science,” and of the efficiency of the Royal Fellows in reducing that science to the lowest degree of degradation under the pretext of its cultivation. We may suppose that the charter granted by the Crown may be withdrawn or modified by the Crown; and we should suppose so truly if the advancement of science were the sole object of the Royal Society. Here, however, our aristocratic Fellows would be all-powerful; and we should not have the slightest chance of obtaining even a modification of our charter unless the request came from the President and Council. The President and Council, however, must under the existing apathy and indifference of the Fellows be pretty much like what they have been for a century past—mere “ins and outs,” or the traditional “whigs and Tories” of the Society. As a body we are prostrate. We have not within ourselves the elements out of which good government can be made; nor have we the moral energy or personal devotion to the cause of science which would be necessary for the formation of a society adapted to our views—even did the most favourable opportunity for establishing one present itself at this moment. Every discovery is tested almost wholly by the social status of the man who makes it,—or, like an Irish porker or a piece of Manchester cotton, according to “what we can get by it.”

Were it possible to interest the general body of the Fellows, something might be done: though very slowly, no doubt,—for one triviality per annum is as much as we can expect to gain from the present desultory system of warfare. A few of these, to which your correspondents seem systematically to

avoid alluding, may (if you will give me room) be suggested in a future number.

ANOTHER F.R.S.; AND A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ‘PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.’

THE RIVER VICTORIA.

OUR readers remember Sir Thomas Mitchell’s discovery, on his last expedition to Fitzroy Downs, in Australia, of a fine river which he named the Victoria; and last week we promised them some account of the expedition of Mr. Kennedy—whom the Surveyor-General detached to follow down this river to its mouth. We take the subject up at the point at which Mr. Kennedy separated from Sir Thomas to commence his independent examination.

On the 13th August we moved down the river, and at 4 miles crossed over to its proper right bank. The Victoria is there bounded on the south by a low sandstone ridge, covered with brigalow; and on the north by fine grassy plains, with here and there clumps of the silver leaf brigalow. At 7 miles we passed a fine deep reach, below which the river is divided into three channels, and inclines more to the southward; at 13 miles we encamped upon the centre channel. We found water in the Victoria to be only permanent in the southernmost, which contains a fine reach, one mile below our encampment, in latitude 25° 34′. An intelligent native whom we met there with his family, on our return, gave me the name of the river, which he called “Barcoo.”

Between the parallels of 24° 17′ and 24° 33′, the river presents generally a very direct course to the S.E.W., and maintains an unvaried character, although the supply of water greatly decreases below the latitude 24° 25′. Several channels united form a fine reach, below which the river takes a turn to the W.S.W., receiving the waters of rather a large creek from the eastward, in latitude 25° 9′. In latitude 25° 51′, the river, having again inclined to the southward, impinges upon the point of a low range on its left, by the influence of which it is turned in a new watered channel to the west and west by north for nearly 30 miles; in that course the reaches are nearly connected, varying in breadth from 80 to 120 yards; firm plains of a poor white soil extend on either side the river. In latitude 25° 59′ 30″, and longitude about 143° 16′, a considerable river joins the Victoria from the north-east, which I would submit may be named the “Thomson,” in honour of R. D. Thomson, Esq., the Honourable the Colonial Secretary.

On the 25th August we made the river mentioned from the N.E., three miles above its junction; following it down we found an unbroken sheet of water in its channel, averaging fifty yards in breadth; we forded it at the junction, and continued to move down the Victoria, keeping all the channels into which it had again divided, on my left. At about one mile the river turns to the S.E.W., and the vegetation over a depressed and barren waste void of trees or vegetation of any kind, its level surface being only broken by small doones of red sand, resembling islands upon the dry bed of an inland sea, which, I am convinced at no distant period did exist there.

On the 1st September we encamped upon a long, though narrow, reach in the most western channel, at which point a low sandstone ridge, strewn with boulders, and covered with an acacia scrub, closes upon the river. This position is important, as a small supply of grass will (I think) in most seasons, be found on the bank of the river when not a blade perhaps may be seen within many miles above or below. In latitude 25° 51′ a barren sandstone range again impedes the river in its southerly course, and thence it is that we commenced an early search for water when travelling to the southward, with numerous channels on either side of me, I was compelled at length to encamp in latitude 25° 13′ 30″, and longitude by account 142° 20′, on the bank of a deep channel, without either water or food for our weary horses. The following morning we made a close search for water, promising watercourses as we lagged, but upon riding down even the deepest of them, we invariably found them break off into several insignificant channels, which again subdivided, and in a short distance disappeared the waters, derived from what had appeared the dry bed of a large river on the absorbing plain. My horses were by this time literally starving, and all we could give them was the rotten straw and weeds which had covered the deserted haunts of the natives. Seeing then that it would be the certain loss of many days to attempt to push further into a country where the aborigines themselves were at a loss to find water, I felt it my imperative duty to at once abandon it. I would here beg to remark, that although unsuccessful in my attempt to follow it that far, from the appearance of the country, and long continued direction of the river, I think there can exist but little doubt that this Victoria is identical with Cooper’s Creek, of Capt. Stuart; that Creek was abandoned by its discoverer in latitude 25°

with the degrees of bachelor of arts and master of arts, bachelor of civil laws and doctor of civil laws, at the University of London. A department of civil engineering is to be formed; and the course of instruction will embrace all the principal subjects which are essential to the scientific engineer. It will be recommended that the students in this department should proceed to the degree of B.A. It is intended shortly to complete the collegiate arrangements by the addition of a "department of theology" and a "department of laws."

The American papers have been giving many particulars of a remarkable phenomenon which is asserted to have recently taken place at the Falls of Niagara. Our readers know that we are somewhat suspicious of these Falls. The American penny-liners do what they will with them—take them down from their proper site when they want a startling paragraph, and reproduce them at pleasure in some distant part of the Union. The "Falls" are to the American what the Nelson column or the preposterous Turnip is to the English penny-a-liner.—There is nothing, however, in the present accounts which would excite our suspicions were they not born of former ones. The *Niagara Mail* says:—"That mysterious personage, the oldest inhabitant, has no recollection of so singular an occurrence as took place at the Falls on the 30th ult. The 'six hundred and twenty thousand tons' of water 'each minute,' nearly ceased to flow, and dwindled away into the appearance of a mere mill dam. The rapids above the Falls disappeared, leaving scarcely water enough on the American side to turn a grindstone. Ladies and gentlemen rode in carriages one-third of the way across the river, towards the Canada shore, over solid rock as smooth as a kitchen floor." A correspondent of the *Boston Christian World* is corroborative, and more explicit:—"The falls of Niagara can be compared to nothing but a mere mill-dam this morning! In the memory of the oldest inhabitants, never was there so little water running over Niagara's awful precipice as at this moment! Hundreds of people are now witnessing that which never has, and probably never may again be witnessed on the Niagara River. Last night at 11 o'clock the factories fed from the waters of this majestic river were in full operation, and at 12 o'clock the water was shut off, the wheels suddenly ceased their evolutions, and everything was hushed into silence. Various are the conjectures as to the cause; the most reasonable of which is, that Lake Erie must be making a grand delivery of ice, and that the mouth of the Niagara, although large, is not quite enough to take in the whole at once, and that the consequences are, back water. Two men this morning rode in a buggy one-third of the way across the river, from the head of Goat Island towards the Canada shore—the wheeling was excellent, the rock being as smooth as a floor. They drove outside of the island known as 'Allen's Island,' and turned round—a thing which has never before occurred! The 'Table Rock,' on the Canada side of the river, looks rather 'hard up;' the veil which has always protected it from public observation has been removed, and Nature's works have been left exposed to the gaze of a cold and criticizing world."

Upon the report of the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship in France, the Executive Committee has issued a decree declaring that the libraries of the late civil list,—viz., at the Louvre, the Tuileries, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Versailles, Trianon, Saint Cloud, Meudon, the Elysée, the Palais National, and the Château de Pau shall be within the department of Public Instruction and Worship. The archives of the crown are also to be under the charge of the same department.

A very foolish contemporary of ours who stumbles habitually, from weakness—which probably he cannot avoid—has the additional misfortune—which he might avoid if he were wiser—of not only refusing the helping hand when it is extended towards him, but deliberately calling attention to his own stumbles. Last week's number of his publication presents an incredible example. We believe that the folly proceeds from unconsciousness—because the effrontery which must be its source if unconsciousness were not is such as we do not feel justified in attributing to him. Our unfortunate contemporary collocates

the two following paragraphs, with their dates, by way of boast in his paper.—

"Our Weekly Gossip. We can now announce to our readers that the Earl of Rosse has expressed his willingness to be put in nomination for the office of President of the Royal Society; and the question of Lord Northampton's successor may, therefore, be considered as decided."—*Athenæum*, 27th of May. [*Royal Society*.—"Lord Rosse has accepted the Presidency."—*Literary Gazette*, 13th May.] Now, these two paragraphs, for so far as they go, are correctly quoted—the difference, however, being that ours, with others that precede it, represent the real state of the case, and our contemporary's was not true. This we pointed out to him in a publication which intervened between the two that he quotes—and which he should have added to the series. We promised him success, from facts within our knowledge, to his present dashing speculation on intelligence, but warned him in a friendly manner against its frequent use. Lord Rosse—as our readers knew from us at the earliest possible date—has accepted the presidency of the Royal Society; but had not at the time when our contemporary announced it—nor ten days later. Flushed with his supposed triumph, our contemporary then becomes critical—and once before we gave him a friendly warning also against that. His chances of an accidental success on that ground are less than on the other; and accordingly, here he fails in a manner which is painful or ludicrous according to the reader's mood. For ourselves, we are sorry for our contemporary, and would hold him up if we could—yet we must laugh if he falls in a ridiculous posture before us. He has quoted a paragraph from the *Athenæum*—and candidly confesses that he does not understand it. We do not write for readers of his calibre—and never could have supposed he would; but his running commentary is a thing to have put into the mouth of Sir Andrew Aguecheek—and we commend it for perusal to any of our readers who love to be amused at the folly of their fellow-creatures.—Another of our friendly warnings our unfortunate contemporary has also disregarded. We advised him some time since not to call attention unnecessarily to his columns,—because, however humane, it is impossible for us, once on the ground, to resist a moment's toying with some one of the many pleasant things there to be met with. Now, in this very number to which we have been so recklessly attracted by himself, our contemporary gives, by way of correction of an erratum, a curious reason for having unconsciously (that is his own word, this time) in his previous publication mistaken the "delicate Ariel" for the fairy queen Titania, in reviewing a work of Mr. Lough's. "Indeed," says our unhappy friend, "his [Mr. Lough's] Shaksperian creations so strongly possess our minds that we can hardly think of them separately, any more than we can do with Shakspeare himself" (!) Waiving the objection to the syntax, the naïveté of this is delicious,—and makes its writer very dear to the light-hearted. But it understates the case of our contemporary's confusion where the Shakspeare characters are concerned. We know well what grotesque combinations this confusion produces. The writer's unconsciousness beats hollow the genius of farce. The Shakspeare creations are confounded not only with one another, but with things infinitely more different, in a way that suggests the pleasant blundering of pantomime. It is not long, our readers remember, since this lively writer placed the severe and stately Macbeth—the royal husband of a lady not very tolerant to human weakness—between Gay's Polly and Lucy! If he do not take more care to discriminate the "Shaksperian creations" we shall have him some of these days mistaking Cardinal Wolsey for Launce's dog.—But our contemporary's confusion of characters does not abandon him even when the Shakspeare inspiration is off him. Mr. Blagrove is as strangely dealt with by him as if that musician had been a "Shaksperian creation." At the Sixth Philharmonic Concert our contemporary states that he distinguished himself in a vocal part. "So strongly" was our contemporary "possessed" on this occasion, too, that he could not, it would seem, "think separately" of a voice and a violin.

THE EXHIBITION OF MULREADY'S PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, SKETCHES, &c. to promote the formation of a NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, is NOW OPEN at the SOCIETY of ARTS, JOHN STREET, ADLPH, from Nine till Six, Admission, 1s. each. Proof of the Society, Lithographed by John Linnell, Jun., are now ready for delivery to Subscribers of 2s. 6d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admission from Eleven till Evening, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and Deceased British Artists, will be OPENED on MONDAY NEXT, the 11th inst.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN at the GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PALL MALL.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT AETNA. NEW EXHIBITION at the BIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, representing MOUNT AETNA, in SICILY, under three aspects—Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption; and the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S at VENICE, with two effects—Day and Night. During the latter, the Grand Machine Organ will perform. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 2s.; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

WHITSON HOLIDAYS. THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, with the important additions of a Specimens Theatre, &c.—One of the interesting Novelties is the MANUFACTURE OF ORNAMENTAL LACE BY IMPROVED MACHINERY. All the Dissolving Views are changed; several are new and arranged with Mechanical Movements for Dramatic Effects; they are, together with the Microscope and New Chromatope, exhibited on the Enlarged Disc most advantageously. The LECTURES of Dr. RYAN and Dr. BACHOFFNER are selected for their selection for the period popularity. Experiments on the Water with the Diver and Diving Bell. Models, &c. described. Numerous beautiful Specimens of Art-Manufactures. The Music is conducted by Dr. Wallis.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price. The New Catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—May 31.—C. Lyell, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—H. Wedgwood, Esq. and T. Brown, Esq. were elected Fellows.

A paper, 'On the Colouring Matter of Red Sandstones, and of Greyish and White Beds associated with them,' by J. W. Dawson, Esq. was read. The author's remarks apply chiefly to Nova Scotia, where red beds of any great extent first appear in the lower part of the carboniferous system. With them are many beds not of a red colour, partly grey or dark sandstones and shales, partly limestone and gypsum. The colouring matter of the red beds is the peroxide of iron,—which the author thinks has been derived from the decomposition of the sulphuret of iron in the older Silurian rocks, whose destruction furnished the other materials of the deposit. The absence of colour in the grey beds he ascribes to the influence of decomposing vegetable matter,—they being always accompanied by thin seams of coal, or containing remains of fossil plants. In the harbour of Pictou, a similar change is now seen to take place,—the red mud carried into it by the rivers being changed to grey by the iron entering into combination with sulphur, probably obtained from the sulphates in the sea water, under the deoxidizing influence of decomposing vegetable matter.

'Remarks on the Structure of the Calamite,' by J. S. Dawes, Esq. was then read. Though one of the most abundant fossils of the coal formation, the true nature of this plant has hitherto been unknown. A. Brongniart considered them as allied to the Equisetaceae,—an opinion very generally adopted, though opposed by Lindley and Hutton in the 'Fossil Flora.' Mr. Dawes has procured some very perfect specimens, in thin slices of which the structure of the wood is still apparent. This most nearly resembles that of the Coniferae, and shows that the plants had a distinct wood and bark. From the specimens obtained, the author concludes that the calamite possessed most clearly a structure only to be met with in a dicotyledon; but with certain characters constituting it a link connecting the three great classes of the vegetable kingdom.

'Notice on the Discovery of a Dragon Fly and a New Species of Leptolepis in the Upper Liass, near Cheltenham, with a few Remarks on that Formation in Gloucestershire,' by the Rev. P. B. Brodie, was read. The remains of insects found in the liass have hitherto been confined chiefly to single wings and elytra; and the present is the first nearly perfect insect of this order found in this country. Mr. Westwood considers that it comes nearest to the genus Diptera; but the head is unfortunately so shattered that its precise character cannot be determined. The fish from the same locality has been described by Sir Philip Egerton,—who names it *Leptolepis concentricus*.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 1.—Mr. Hallam, V.P., in the chair.—Sir T. Cartwright, Her Majesty's minister at Stockholm, was admitted a member.—In

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addition to the valuable series of watches of all ages, belonging to Mr. Morgan, which were on the table, the Clockmakers' Company sent for exhibition all the ancient, curious watches and portable clocks in their possession. Some remarkable drawings were on the walls,—including three views of the death's-head watch which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, with her name and the date on it, which we believe is now at Windsor Castle; together with the antique clock formerly the property of Horace Walpole, and sold at Strawberry Hill. Perhaps so many specimens of by-gone ingenuity and gradual improvement in the art of watchmaking were never at any former time brought together; and several of our most eminent mechanics in this department (including Mr. Vulliamy and Mr. Vines) were present on the occasion. The very singular dial with sixteen faces by Holbein the painter and Cratzer the celebrated watchmaker of that day, was also introduced as an illustrative object. The exhibition was followed by the reading of the conclusion of Capt. W. H. Smyth's paper on the portable clock, the property of the Society, which was made in Bohemia in 1525 and presented by the Emperor Sigismund to his sister, Queen Bona. It seems to have come into the possession of the Society, by bequest, considerably more than half a century ago,—but has never yet been described. Indeed, it would still have remained unknown but for the research and acuteness of the Director; who found it when Mr. Albert Way, the late Director, was making out his catalogue of relics, antiquities and curiosities in the presses, cabinets and cases of the Society. Capt. Smyth's more general dissertation was followed by a minute and valuable description of the ancient machinery and works of the clock, by Mr. Vulliamy.

Mr. Williams took an opportunity of advertising to the Rev. Mr. Hunter's recent paper on gunpowder and cannon; the interest of which he admitted, while he denied the novelty of the discovery,—contending that it had been made and published some time ago, together with proof that both gunpowder and artillery were known and used as early as the first year of Edward III. This is an important historical point,—and we hope that it will receive further elucidation. We are confident that there is much latent information regarding it in public documents in the State Paper Office, at the Tower, in the Rolls Chapel, and at what is called the Carlton Ride.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 19.—Col. Philip Yorke in the chair.—Rev. E. Sidney, 'On the Motion of the Sap in Flowering Plants connected with the Nutrition of Flowering Parasites.' Mr. Sidney announced the principal object of his discourse to be the bringing to notice certain plants, recently discovered to be parasites, and the steps which have led to that discovery. Having remarked that plants, though unprovided with any organ resembling a heart for the circulation of their juices, do nevertheless possess some vital power independent of the endosmosis and capillary action of their vessels, Mr. Sidney referred to Liebig's recently published opinion that the cause of the motion of the sap does not reside merely in the spongioles of the roots, (as Dutrochet held), but that it was due to a power diffused through the entire stem, and perhaps aided by the evolution of carbonic acid gas disengaged from the rising sap. Mr. Sidney, however, attributed the motion of the sap to the vital energies of the buds, which, when called forth by increase of temperature, begin to attract the fluids of the subjacent cells. The cells themselves partake of the same energies throughout the plant, and the juices are set in motion. On these motions the various flowering parasites depend for their subsistence. Mr. Sidney proceeded to describe the nutrition—1. of parasites of the branches; 2. of root parasites. 1. *Parasites of the branches are deficient in power of absorption or in power of elaboration.* The examples produced of *parasites deficient in power of absorption*, were *Fiscum* (the common misletoe) and *myzodendron*. Decandolle's experiment was quoted to prove that the wood of the misletoe is unable to absorb water when it is separated from the tree on which it grows. Other singular particulars respecting this plant were mentioned, such as the green colour of the radicle, and its tendency, in germination, to turn to the branch instead of to the centre of the earth. This fact Mr. Sidney referred to as a desire to avoid light. *Myzodendron* grows on

Antarctic beeches. Its seed, which requires a new bark, adheres by viscid filaments. By degrees it destroys the cuticle, produces a diseased action, and raises the bark from the wood; the root of this parasite insinuates itself between the wood and the bark, spreading in a horizontal direction. At length a cup is formed on the nourishing plant by the stoppage of its juices caused by the growth of this parasite. The cup is a conical hollow, consisting of as many layers of wood as years had passed since the *myzodendron* germinated. As an example of plants deficient in power of elaboration, *Cuscuta* was then cited. This parasite has neither leaves nor stomata on the stem. It comes out like a little wire, but does not descend into the earth. It twists about the plants it attacks, sending the suckers of its processes into the stem. It is peculiarly destructive to clover, producing in the part which it ravages the appearance of having been destroyed by a bonfire. Mr. Sidney then adverted—2. to *root parasites*. These were described as being more subtle, because an important advance in their growth is accomplished before they appear above the soil. They are generally of a lurid colour, and deficient both in power of absorption and of nutrition, their leaves resembling scales. All of them, in light as well as in darkness, absorb oxygen and emit carbonic acid. The curious family of *Rhizanthus* belong to this group—the so-called *Fungus Melitensis* (celebrated as a styptic). The splendid *Rafflesia* (the model of which is so well known) was here referred to. In conclusion, Mr. Sidney announced the discovery of some new parasites. Accurate notice of the growth of *Thecium* (bastard toad-flax) led to this discovery. The observation that certain plants, though classed as noxious weeds, cannot be made to grow in gardens, showed that it was not from the soil but the roots of grasses from which these plants, now found to be parasites, derived their food. Of these parasites *Euphrasia* (eye-bright), *Rhizanthus Crista Galli* (yellow rattle), *Bartsia viscosa*, *Melampyrum arvense* (cow-wheat), were exhibited and described. In noticing these recently-discovered parasites, Mr. Sidney desired to record his obligations to the Rev. Prof. Henslow, for furnishing him with much information, and many rare specimens and diagrams with which his discourse was illustrated.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MOR. British Architects, 8, P. M.
 GEOGRAPHICAL, half-past 8.
 ZOOLOGICAL, 9.—Scientific Business.
 WED. Geological, half-past 8.
 Society of Arts, 4.—General Meeting.
 Literary Fund, 3.
 NUMISMATIC, 7.
 FRI. Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. Faraday 'On the Conversion of Diamond into Coke.'
 SAT. Asiatic, 2.

FINE ARTS

MR. MULREADY'S PICTURES.

THIS is the first Exhibition of the collected works of a modern artist, in fulfilment of the project of the Society of Arts for the formation of a National Gallery of British Art by public voluntary contribution, with which our readers are already acquainted through our columns. We may repeat here, in the words of the Catalogue, that each Exhibition is intended to consist of the pictures of some one eminent living artist, of his studies and sketches, and of engravings from his pictures. The funds to be thus raised will be applied, firstly, in giving the artist whose works are exhibited a commission for a picture; and, secondly, in the purchase of pictures already painted. These pictures will be presented from time to time to the National Gallery, and thus—together with the works of British artists already the property of the nation—will help to form a Gallery which shall worthily represent British Art. Mr. Vernon's munificent gift to the nation forms, by a single contribution, a splendid addition to the foundation on which this scheme of public and progressive subscription is designed to act: and the collection now brought together as the first act in realization of the Society's scheme will convince the public at once that the selection of an artist for the opening of the movement has been most felicitously made, and that a movement intended to represent more largely in our National Gallery the school out of which such an artist has arisen is singularly deserving of the public support.

The selection of the artist for the opening Exhibition, which we have called auspicious, is so in more respects than one. While to the connoisseur in particular, and to the world at large, this collection is a highly gratifying assertion of the powers of British Art, it is one of great and peculiar interest to the practical artist. The series contains the whole instructive history of a great pictorial career, extending over nearly half a century. The 'Haymaking,' the 'Whistonian Controversy,' or 'The Choice of the Wedding Gown,' might severally have satisfied the student that such results are not the fruits of intuition or inaction; but the series of works now brought together confirms the record of study and reads the lesson of progress. As clearly as we observe habitually the growth of the body, may we here trace the growth of the artistic mind. Each succeeding picture serves to show its gradual and strengthening development; while the instrument—the hand—that delivers the evidence of improved knowledge is seen to be by constant practice employed with increasing facility to more matured results. And such collections are useful to the artist exhibited, himself. He reviews his own knowledge and practice—and has a taste of his posthumous fame. In the desire to seem fresh—with all the energies of an active and aspiring mind on the stretch to make new discoveries and new combinations—how often has the perversion rather than the improvement of a well-acknowledged style resulted! For confirmation of this, we could point to more than one of our own school, great in Mr. Mulready's own day. He has escaped, however, the influences of such infirmity of purpose. Through a series of works produced during more than forty years he may here be traced as carrying out his original intention,—with such resources as profound study of Art, a keen natural apprehension, great sensibility, extensive observation of character, and a fine organization of the faculties of form and colour have supplied. The works of the Dutch School were obviously Mr. Mulready's first inspiration,—and today he is the successful rival of Ostade. When we say the successful rival, let it be well understood that we mean in what relates more especially to the art of the palette in its technical sense. In all that relates to the *morale*,—to the treatment of incident,—the power of making that incident clear by fitting situation,—the abundance of episode, conveyed generally in a style worthy of the higher schools,—general refinement,—and the command over sentiment and frequent pathos, Mr. Mulready has established his superiority over the school on which he has formed himself. He has many technical excellencies in common with his prototype,—such as light and shade and colour, effect and completion; but his knowledge of character is more extensive and his perception of expression higher. Mr. Mulready's works are the exponents of sentiment and mind,—those of the Dutch school generally of sensuousness and matter. The Dutch artists are possessed with the idea of the means employed,—Mr. Mulready with that of the aim. The Dutch school makes imitation its objection.—Mr. Mulready uses it only as a part of his language for the expression of truth. The perfect mastery which he displays in the subordination of accessory matter to the integrity of his main intention is not the slightest of his triumphs over materialism. That succeeding years bring enlargement of his aspirations and sublimation of his style is remarkably illustrated by two several treatments of nearly the same subject,—'Lending a Bite' and 'Giving a Bite,'—the first painted in 1818, the last in 1834. The refinement which sixteen years of active observation and the perseverance of a highly constructed mind have brought, is here seen by means that bring the painter into direct comparison with himself. The result proves that he is of those who by applause are not betrayed into supineness, but excited to renewed exertion; that he is devoted to his art as a spiritual exercise,—not animated to it by worldly impulses. This earnestness it is which has given its character of originality to his works.

Many of the pictures of which this collection is composed have already, at various times, had more or less of individual criticism in our columns. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with enumerating them in something like chronological order on the present occasion,—thereby, as follows from what we have said, affording a kind of pictorial biography of their author.

Of the earliest specimen of Mr. Mulready's pencil there are examples in *A Cottage* (2), and *An Interior, St. Peter's Well, in the Vestry of York Minster* (12), both painted in 1805. Could any one from the style of these have divined that their author would ever give to the world a production so complete in all its parts as 'The Whistonian Controversy'? These were, however, but his beginnings; and we next see him in a *View in St. Albans* (11), done in 1806, with more of truth and quality in the finish. *A Carpenter's Shop and Kitchen* (29), painted in 1808, first shows the painter engaged on figures of some scale. He has now broken his ground—and is in the ranks of those who had already achieved high reputation in his own after line. *The Rattle* (56), painted in the same year, exhibits the like qualities. *Old Houses in Lambeth* (13) shows a marked improvement on his former works of this department. (In 1810 we see his advance in landscape subjects—and observe the decided influence which Dutch example had on his practice.) In 1809, there are an excellent little study of *Utensils and Vegetables* (9), in touch and sharpness rivaling Teniers—*An Old Gable* (35), of an Ostade-like quality for truth and detail—*Cottage, and Figures loading the Cart* (57), a charming composition of light and dark—a view at *Heston, Middlesex* (58)—and a study entitled *Harry Sumpter* (65). *The Horses Baiting* (10) of the year 1810 marks another advance in landscape. A charming bit is that of *Boys playing at Cricket* (34), with the old and picturesque grey trunk of the tree which traverses the foreground marvellously wrought:—and this, together with *Gipsies* (42), register the operations of that season. *The Barber's Shop* (23) continues the evidence of the painter's advance in figure subjects. What sense of humour and truth of expression there are in the head of the urchin who submits to be shorn of his locks! An excellent little bit for truth is *The Kitchen Fire* (53). *The Child and Kitten* (54) is of the same time. *Punch* (16)—the first composition of any extent—contains the germ of Mr. Mulready's fancy, invention, and resources in his art; and though it is stated to be unfinished even now, it is a highly satisfactory example of power. Two charming landscapes, (25 and 27) of the same year, will be well remembered as having been exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1844, both furnished by *The Mall, Kensington Gravel Pits*, and its neighbourhood. The last, for touch and precision, is almost unrivalled—and has a quality in its tones of surpassing beauty. In 1813, we have a picture entitled *Boys Fishing* (14)—in which the figures are subordinate in interest to a fresh, green and spring-like landscape. Increased freedom of execution is here visible. *A Portrait of Miss Swinburne* (67) is of the same year. A simple study of *An Ass* (52) is all that marks the labours of 1814. This is, however, sufficiently accounted for by the presence in the succeeding year of two important compositions—*Idle Boys* (15) and *The Fight Interrupted* (32); the immense improvement in which, as regards the marking of character, form and colour, must have fixed the painter's reputation. The touch is firm and the style good. The year 1816 yields no picture—and 1817 only a sketch for the picture of 'The Dog of Two Minds.' *Lending a Bite* (17), already adverted to, was the work of the succeeding year; and this is one of the firmest and most decided in touch of the time. *The Wolf and the Lamb* (37), exhibited in 1820—and which is obviously the result of the deepest reflection and solicitude—may have engaged the artist's attention also in the previous year. It is unnecessary here to expatiate on the excellencies of a work which has, through the instrumentality of the engraver, Mr. Robinson, been made so familiar to all, and forms a conspicuous feature in the Gallery of Buckingham Palace. *The Careless Messenger* (28) is the well-remembered contribution of 1821. The next decided advance in style is discernible in *The Convalescent* (36) exhibited in the following year. The drawing is more perfect, the colour more transparent, the touch lighter and more elegant, and the atmospheric effect more luminous. The figure of the sick soldier is a creation in Art and perfect in its class. It has never been surpassed—perhaps never equalled. The same year (1822) yields *The Sketch* (64) for the picture of 'The Widow' painted in the subsequent year and exhibited in 1824. The picture was not so popular as its predecessor. In this year

Mr. Mulready made a *Sketch for the picture of 'The Travelling Druggist'* (6). *The Origin of a Painter* (24)—a boy tracing the shadow of his sire on a wall—was his contribution to the Exhibition in 1826. *The Cannon* (40), painted in 1827, was one of the features of the season—and was purchased by Sir Robert Peel. The science here displayed in the making up of the tints of the background alone is an exhibition of consummate skill. *The Interior of an English Cottage* (39) was a great attraction of the season 1828—and was purchased by King George the Fourth. It is most luminous and brilliant in effect. In the following year was painted the admirable little subject, composed of half figures, *Returning from the Hastings* (7). It was exhibited in 1830—when *The Dog of two Minds* (47) formed another of this artist's contributions. *A Father and Child* (4)—a gem—though not shown until 1845, was executed this year. *A Sailing Match* (44)—another illustration of juvenile pastime—was exhibited in 1831: and in the next year were shown *Peregrine Touchwood breaking in upon the Rev. Josiah Cargill* (33)—*The Forgotten Word* (37)—and an excellent *Portrait of J. Sheepsheads, Esq.* (68). *The First Voyage* (30) was exhibited in 1833. *Giving a Bite* (45) was painted in 1834—but not shown until two seasons later. *The Toy Seller* (8) was executed in 1835. The graceful little picture of *Brother and Sister (Pinch of the Ear)* (49) was painted in 1836, though not exhibited until 1837; and the latter year produced one of the most elaborate subjects on which Mr. Mulready had up to that time employed himself—a tableau combination of all the characters of the Seven Ages in one scene, under the title of *All the World's a Stage* (26)—exhibited in 1838. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes" (48), painted in the latter year, was seen the following season. In 1839 Mr. Mulready proved again that he could invest a subject drawn from scenes of humble life with the attributes of the highest walks of his art. A poetic spirit breathes through his presentment of *First Love* (22). *The Sonnet* (51), though as a composition of less import, was wrought in a congenial feeling. *The Artist's Study, an Interior* (41), was exhibited in 1840. An illustration of "Train up a Child," &c. (20) was painted for Mr. Thomas Baring in 1841, and exhibited the same year. For the same gentleman was painted in 1843, but not exhibited until the following year, *The Whistonian Controversy* (21). At the same time was shown the little subject of *The Intercepted Billet* (43). Four small studies in oil (59 to 62) from 'The Vicar of Wakefield' demonstrate the great certainty with which the artist works—making the most elaborate and determinate conclusions in colour, having previously made many studies of his composition in lines, before he engages himself on the ultimate panel or canvas. The finished picture after one of these, *Choosing the Wedding Gown* (31) was one of the attractions of the Royal Academy in 1846. No comment is now needed on this—or on *Hay-making* (19), painted for Mr. Thomas Baring, which we had occasion to notice last year.—Other pictures that would have helped to mark the artist's progress are not here:—among which, as we have already said, are those painted for Mr. Vernon, and now by his munificence become national property.

We must not leave this Exhibition without a word of notice of those exquisite drawings—studies, should they be called?—which Mr. Mulready has given of the human form. By means the most simple but an art the most profound, he has realized in these transcripts more than has ever been achieved in the same way before. To the student we say—Go, look at them earnestly; and learn that in these same academic studies and the various other preparations for pictures which the adjoining room contains lies the secret of the superiority and success of that series of finished works on which you have been gazing with such delight.

ROYAL ACADEMY. Architectural Drawings.

So strange a fact has come to our knowledge since we penned our last remarks on the architectural subjects exhibited here this season, that we disturb ourselves of the astonishment which it causes us at once in so far as by communicating it to our readers we can. We adverted very briefly [ante, p. 465] to

the absence of models—supposing it to be entirely accidental, considering it as a circumstance which bespoke rather the reluctance of architects to exhibit things of the kind than a sudden disinclination on the part of the Academy to admit them. They have been always admitted hitherto; and no intimation of any intention to the contrary is given in the "Notice to Exhibitors." This would have been only fair if they were not to be received—because works of the kind are attended with considerable trouble in the conveyance. The Academy have now, however, it should seem, expressed an aversion to models—having turned away, we are informed, one of the new church at Westminster of which Miss Burdett Coutts is the munificent foundress. Most certainly this was not rejected on the ground of defective execution:—and even had it been defective it would have been as worthy of a place as many of the drawings and designs hung up in the Architectural Room. We can put no other construction on the matter than that this rejection is equivalent to a declaration on the part of the Academy against architectural models altogether.

The aversion to architecture at the Academy is so great that it blinds the judges there to ordinary prudence. Possessing the power of admitting or refusing at their pleasure, they, no doubt, assume that the public will take for granted that what has been excluded is inferior to what has been received. The falling off in architectural subjects at this year's Exhibition is, of course, according to their calculations, not to be attributed to the Academy. The Rejected may, however, find means of giving a different complexion to the case. We happen ourselves to have seen some of the "unlucky" ones; and can aver that they are greatly superior to the majority of works exhibited at the Academy. Among these we will mention a design for improving the *façade* of the National Gallery as it now stands; which, we think, would convert that edifice into a very beautiful piece of architecture—equally rich and picturesque. Why a subject offering a happy solution of a somewhat difficult architectural problem, and otherwise likely to have attracted notice, should have been refused, we are at a loss to understand when we look at the dull and uninteresting trivialities that occupy space on the walls from which it is excluded.

If there be any argument which we could admit as justifying in any degree the exclusion of architecture from the Academy, it must be found in the conduct of architects themselves; who when they become members generally withdraw from it *de facto*—doing nothing for the Exhibitions, and leaving their profession to the mercy and discretion of the painters. Mr. Barry, for instance, we think might have assisted the Exhibition and served himself too by showing us the Palace at Westminster, with the towers now in progress, instead of writing letters to the press protesting against the representation of those objects which his abstinence extorts from others. Nor would it have been amiss if he had suffered us to feast our eyes on the details and decorations of the river front of the palace; since, however well these may show in an elaborate elevation on a sufficiently large scale, they are utterly lost and unproductive of any effect in a structure so situated. Mr. Barry might also have exhibited the design now adopted for Bridge-water House, which he is erecting towards the Green Park, for the Earl of Ellesmere;—it being altogether different from the one which he exhibited some years ago.

We were rather disappointed at not finding in the Exhibition any drawings of the house lately built for Mr. Russell in Park Lane, by Mr. Moffatt. We expected, too, to see the design of that which is erecting for Mr. Hope, in Piccadilly,—and which, if report speaks truly, is designed by a foreign architect, though the acting architect is Mr. Donaldson. The latter is, we think, in the better position of the two. The building may, when finished, turn out better than we conceive,—but present appearances are much against it.

Our endeavours to discover, since we wrote last, some designs deserving of notice that we might have overlooked, have been almost wholly unsuccessful. Several things, indeed, there are which bespeak cleverness, and which, considered merely as drawings, are satisfactory enough,—but if there be any fresh conceptions, they must be in those drawings which

are so placed as to render it impossible to examine them. In what can be seen, the ideas are merely borrowed—not unfrequently dragged in, also, and misapplied. Next to Gothic, Elizabethan seems to be the favourite style; and both the one and the other are employed with studied ostentation of imitation. Wherefore, as employed by us they cease to be styles, and become mere modes and manners. We are just now acting Gothic and Elizabethan,—as a short time ago we performed Grecian; so that in all probability we shall by and by get as tired of the former as we have of the latter. Our architects seem incapable of thinking in a style: for were they not, they might revivify these, by so moulding and modifying as to accommodate them to our actual present occasions—and such modification of a former style would lead to originality. By originality we must be understood to mean not mere novelty—equally without motive and without purpose; but well-studied and happy novelty in accordance with the principles of the style on which it is engrafted, however greatly departing from precedent.

If our readers find that in the present notice we have substituted general remarks for criticisms on particular works, we can only say that we have done what the occasion most urgently demanded. If there were not among the drawings rejected from this Exhibition many subjects far better than most that are here, then either the art is declining or those who can do better make a point of not sending what they do to the Academy. Further than we have done it we do not care to single out works merely for their demerit; and for merit of any kind—except as drawings, manipulated perhaps by persons whose names do not appear in the catalogue—there are, as we have said, scarcely any left for us to notice. Among the few which had before escaped us are Nos. 1211 and 1213, by Mr. F. W. Ordish (quite a new name to us)—the former *The Court-yard of a Gentleman's Farm-house recently erected*—the other *a Design for a Chapel at Edmondeston*; both of which display talent and artistic feeling. There are also one or two fair designs for villas or country residences in the Elizabethan style,—that is, fair imitations of that style, taken just as it is, with its defects and inconveniences as well as its better qualities.

Before concluding, we will suggest for the Academy's consideration what would be a very material improvement in the Architectural Room—namely, a screen similar to those at the rooms of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. A screen twenty feet long would afford on its two sides—supposing there to be only two rows of drawings on each (therefore the under one not lower than between two and three feet from the floor)—a line of eighty feet; and, supposing the frames to average about two feet in width, would be capable of containing forty subjects, every one of which could be distinctly seen. All the larger drawings on the walls could then be hung very nearly on the line. This would go far towards remedying deficiency of space, and consequent preposterousness of hanging in the Architectural Room.

SIR THOMAS BARING'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.

THIS collection of pictures, the property of Sir Thomas Baring, which was sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson on Friday and Saturday last, furnished a good average specimen of the taste of the English gentleman in the formation of a gallery of Modern Art. The social and domestic feelings were the inspiration that brought these pictures together rather than any high tone of mind in reference to Art and its professors.

Among the most remarkable of the modern pictures here were the two long studies of battle-pieces by Mr. Jones:—one, 'Waterloo,'—the other, 'The Battle of Vittoria.' Both were sold to Mr. Gritten. They give excellent ideas of the scenes, and possess all the artistic qualities for which Mr. Jones's treatment of such subjects is proverbial. Constable's study for 'The Embarkation of George the Fourth from Whitehall to the opening of Waterloo Bridge' sold for 33*l.*—Hogarth's 'Family of Sir James Thornhill' for 29*l.* 8*s.* An excellent picture by Mr. E. W. Cooke, 'Trading Vessels lying on Shore,' was bought by Mr. Seguer for 64*l.* 1*s.* 'Belshazzar,' by West, fetched 16*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* A canvas filled with studies of 'Savoyard Boys with

Instruments,' by Edmonston—capitally painted—was sold to Lord Charles Townshend for 56*l.* 14*s.* Bonington's 'View on the Grand Canal' fetched 16 guineas. Wilkie's sketch for the picture of 'Alfred in the Neather's Cottage' was bought by Mr. Pennell for 86*l.* 2*s.*; and the finished picture, so well known by the engraving from it,—originally painted for the late Mr. Alexander Davidson—was bought by Mr. Bryant for 430*l.* 10*s.* A 'Head of a Young Lady,' by Lawrence, was sold to Mr. Fuller for 32*l.* 11*s.* A 'Group of Fruit,' by Lance, was bought by Messrs. Creswick & Lepard for 61*l.* 19*s.* An early picture by Linnell, 'A Landscape with Peasants playing at Quoits,'—resembling much the style of Mulready at that time—was bought by the same for 241*l.* 10*s.* A pretty little picture, 'An Interior,' by Goodall—more varied in its tones and fresher than is customary with that artist—was purchased by Mr. Farrer for 73*l.* 10*s.* An early picture by Mr. Sidney Cooper fetched 43*l.* 1*s.* Mr. James purchased Wilson's fine 'View on the Dee' for 164*l.* 17*s.*;—and Mr. Nieuwenhuys a small picture of 'John Kemble as Hamlet,' by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for 50 guineas. Wilson's 'View of a River in the Campagna' brought 126*l.* Stanfield's large upright 'View of Hastings' was purchased by Mr. Creswick for 220*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Nieuwenhuys bought Louthborough's 'Fire of London'—well known through its engraving—for 210*l.*—and Collins's 'Boulogne' for 241*l.* 13*s.* Mr. Edward Cooke's 'Scene on the Dutch Coast' realized 94*l.* 10*s.*—sold to Mr. Farrer. The two Scripture subjects 'Philip Baptizing the Eunuch,' and 'The Flight into Egypt,' were bought by Mr. Rought. The first fetched 117*l.* 12*s.*,—the second 131*l.* 5*s.* The same purchaser secured Collins's admirable and renowned picture of 'Taking Sea-fowls' Eggs,' for 257*l.* 5*s.*; and the 'Meleager,' by Wilson, for 178*l.* 10*s.* Collins's 'Roman Woman seated at an altar in a chapel in the Church of St. Onofrio, at Rome,' was purchased by Mr. Seguer, for 158*l.* 11*s.* A first-rate specimen of the powers of old Patrick Nasmyth, a 'View in Hampshire,' was sold to Mr. Creswick, for 200 guineas. A large landscape, an early picture, by Lee, found a purchaser in Mr. Grissell, for 100 guineas. The charming 'Sheep Washing,' by Wilkie—which showed the artist as a successful delineator of animals, their peculiarities of character and expression being given by him as perfectly as those of the human form—was purchased by Mr. Norton, for 693*l.* Turner's 'Sheerness' was of the same class as the picture of 'Sheerness and the Isle of Sheppey' sold lately in Mr. Newington Hughes's collection. The present picture exhibits the largeness of style and grandeur of effect, with the sober truth of nature, which Mr. Turner then threw into such matters—when his aim was more literal and less imaginative than of late. This very fine work was bought by Mr. Wells, for 577*l.* 10*s.* The large *Gainsborough*, 'A Lodge in Windsor Park'—with royal children descending some stone steps, an old grey horse, and a woman with cows—a very rich example, but marked by the frequent conventionalities of arrangement and that mannerism in touch which denote the painter's treatments—speaking more of Art than of Nature—was purchased by Mr. Nieuwenhuys, for 325*l.* 10*s.* A 'Study for one of the Compartments of the New College, Windsor, at Oxford,' bought of the Bydele family—from Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection—brought only sixty guineas. The study was said to have been by Sir Joshua Reynolds himself.

In the next day's sale—of old masters—Mr. Conyngham had the good taste to buy the remarkable work ascribed to Van Eyck 'St. Jerome in his Study'; despite its architectural conceits and perspective manifestations—considering the human figure only—a marvellous piece of character—conveyed in most simple and dignified action. It sold for 139*l.* 13*s.* The little *Guardi*, 'The Rialto,' sold for 46*l.* 4*s.*—extremely loose and free in the touch, but very brilliant. A capital *Watteau*, 'A Concert Champêtre,'—a lady holding a music book for a gentleman who is playing the flute, a young man lying at her feet, and two other figures in the background—engraved in the volume of the works of the master, and a very excellent example—brought 152*l.* 5*s.* The Companion picture, 'A Masquerade Champêtre,' was bought by Mr. Nieuwenhuys, for eighty guineas. A Group of 'Fruits and Flowers,' by Van Brussel—

showing the exact point to which detail and finish should be carried in such matters—sold for 43*l.* 1*s.*:—the companion to it for 44*l.* 2*s.* A portrait, said to be of himself, by Vandyke, was sold to Mr. Nieuwenhuys for 53*l.* 11*s.* Mr. Farrer brought the 'Dutch Boats under sail in a River,'—a small work of Cuypp's, for 94*l.* 10*s.* 'Abraham entertaining the Angels,' said to be by Rembrandt, was bought by Mr. Fuller for 64*l.* 1*s.* The study, by Rembrandt, of 'A Young Man,' his hands clasped resting on a table—one of the master's slightly touched examples, in which negative colour is made powerful by opposition of light and dark—the effect solemn—fetched 22*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* 'An Exterior,' by Ostade, brought 99*l.* 15*s.* Berghem's 'Italian Peasants with Cows and Goats'—a very fine specimen—was bought by Mr. Evans, for 150*l.* 3*s.* Another Landscape, by the same, was purchased by Mr. Nieuwenhuys, for 116*l.* 11*s.* 'A Stag Hunt,' by Wouerman—cold in colour—sold for one hundred guineas. W. Van der Velde's 'Calm'—a first-rate example—was purchased by Mr. Nieuwenhuys, for 154*l.* 7*s.* Rembrandt's 'Adoration of the Magi,' bought by the same for the price of 141*l.* 15*s.*, was assuredly very cheap! Wouerman's 'Dismounted Cavalier giving Alms to a Camp of Gipsies'—superb in colour—was bought by Mr. Norton, for 183*l.* 15*s.* The Rembrandt Landscape with a Village Church on a Hill—a most desirable exemplification of the artist's powers in out-of-door treatment—was secured by Mr. Farrer, for 225*l.* 15*s.* An affected little study by Greuze, a Girl caressing a Pigeon, was sold to Mr. H. Baring for 106*l.* A Portrait of a Gentleman in a Red Cloak, by Karl du Jardin—a very fine study, full of character and intelligence—was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, for 50*l.* 8*s.* For 'A Man playing the Hurdy-Gurdy to a Group of Peasants and Children at a Cottage Door,' by Ostade, Mr. Fuller gave 88*l.* 4*s.* The 'Abraham and Melchizedek,' a glowing study by Rubens, was bought by Mr. Nieuwenhuys for 353*l.* 5*s.* A fine *Hobbema*, a landscape with a water-mill and figures on a road through a wood—the best of the two by the master in this collection—was sold to Mr. White, for 288*l.* 15*s.* The Italian Landscape, by Asselino—like Both—fetched 91*l.* 7*s.* 'Italian Peasants and Travellers reposing in the Yard of an Inn,' by Jan Steen,—the figures on a small scale, admirably painted, the arrangement novel—sold for 84*l.* 2*s.* 'Dutch Men-of-War lying-to off the Coast' was sold to Mr. Green for 131*l.* 5*s.* A 'Dutch Village' with a frozen river, by Van der Neer—most capital—was bought by Mr. H. Baring, for 73*l.* 10*s.* A grand woody landscape, attributed to Ruysdael, sold for 95*l.* 11*s.* A woody scene, with a piece of water over which a tree is drooping, was bought by Mr. Norton, for 162*l.* 15*s.* Mr. Nieuwenhuys bought Backhuysen's 'Fresh Breeze' for 283*l.* 10*s.* 'The Bull,' said to be by Paul Potter—not to our liking—was bought by Mr. Fuller, for 220*l.* 10*s.* A fine woody scene by Ruysdael found a purchaser in Mr. Smith, for 204*l.* 10*s.* Wouerman's 'Stag Hunt on the Bank of a River'—very elegant in the tones of the landscape—was bought by Mr. Brown, for 446*l.* 5*s.* The open landscape by Wynants—very minute, but false in effect—fetched 110*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Farrer bought the very beautiful 'Sea Piece' by W. Van der Velde, the last lot but one; and Mr. Theobald gave 72*l.* 9*s.* for the 'Interior' by De Hooghe—a lofty apartment lighted by sun-shine from a window, with figures. It is of no high interest. The effect is produced at too great a sacrifice;—nine-tenths of the surface presenting cold and repulsive colour on a wall intersected by hard and geometric forms.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The following has reached us from a correspondent.—

June 6.
The notice, both in the Lords and Commons, of Mr. Vernon's noble gift of his fine collection to this country must have been gratifying to him, and is satisfactory as far as it goes; but do the lovers of British Art mean to do nothing to testify their sense of the value of this gift—by which Mr. Vernon has, in fact, founded a National Gallery of British Art? It seems to me that such an event should in some way be permanently commemorated. With that view (if nothing has been already proposed) I would suggest that a subscription be made in order to obtain a full-length portrait of Mr. Vernon to be placed with the collection;—that he be requested to name the artist and to give him the requisite sittings;—the amount of each subscription to be limited to a small sum, as the numbers would probably be more gratifying than the amount. You are so continually

in communication with parties to whom this subject must be interesting that I mention it to you first; and should anything be done in it, shall be most happy to contribute my humble quota towards payment of the debt of gratitude due to Mr. Vernon upon this occasion.—I am, &c.

D. R. R.

We fully agree in the purport of this communication—and think, as our correspondent suggests, that, to give the tribute a broader basis, the subscription should be limited for the present to 12. We hope to announce next week that an influential committee has been formed for the purpose of carrying out this discharge of a national obligation: and can venture to say that the Messrs. Colnaghi in Pall Mall East, and probably the other leading printellers in the metropolis and large provincial towns, will gladly register the names of subscribers and receive subscriptions.

Mr. Sidney Cooper has, we learn, received a commission from Her Majesty to execute a picture of some of the farming-stock at Osborne,—whence he has just returned, after having inspected the animals and received his instructions.

We find it stated by our contemporary, the *Builder*, that the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Eastlake's proposed retirement from the office of secretary to the Commissioners of Fine Arts is likely to be filled up by the appointment of an Italian, Signor Bezzi—to act first as Mr. Eastlake's deputy and ultimately as his successor. Without questioning the fitness of Signor Bezzi, our contemporary thinks—and we are of his opinion,—that there are plenty of English artists or Art-lovers at least equally fitted for the appointment. There are not so many situations of reward open to the artist in England as to justify either a monopoly of many in one hand or the passing over of native claims in favour of the foreigner. In certain high quarters the patronage of the continental artist in nearly all the departments of Art has grown into an offence to English genius.

Our attention has been recently called to some coloured specimens of Daguerreotype done under the auspices of *Prof. Highschool*, as he has been called. It is now twelve months since we had occasion to speak favourably of the merits of a gentleman known then by that name—for special reasons which having now ceased to operate, his real name of Mr. J. C. Mayall has taken the place of his *nom de guerre*. We then observed that his specimens were marked by a greater force of light and dark, as well as greater clearness, than the ordinary results of the process. These new specimens with the addition of colour, confirm our view of the almost hopelessness of ever by this means getting a close resemblance of the flesh tints of nature—or even the average effects of a water-colour miniature. As in all other specimens that we have seen of the coloured daguerreotype, the obvious portions of dress and detail are coloured by hand with something like general, if not particular, accuracy—while the flesh-tints look black or grey; that is to say, the local colours of all the minor matter are imitable to the full force of the reality, while the flesh-tints of the heads, arms, hands, &c., are merely the daguerreotype results with the blackness slightly tinted. The blackness is a *prima facie* impediment to clearness, transparency, or brilliancy of effect in colour:—resembling, in short, what would be the effect of endeavouring to colour an engraved surface on prints, to represent flesh,—and there the blackness of the monochrome impression could only be overcome by opaque or body colour. So long as the daguerreotypist will confine himself to the proper limits of his art—to the production of those results in their highest perfection which the mechanical agencies at his disposal place within his reach—he will do well. In the attempt to do more he detracts from the importance of a most valuable discovery by revealing one of its weak points. As simple monochroms Mr. Mayall's results are more successful:—in attempts to imitate, by the presence of colour, nature in all her freshness and vigour his failure is in common with that of all others who are endeavouring after the same thing.

The views from the Gardens of Rome and Albano, drawn by Mr. George Vivian, now on view at Mr. M'Lean's will be seen with interest by those who have visited the sites themselves. Mr. J. D. Harding is lithographing them; and they will make a desirable work, if, in their transcription on the stone, they are

not suffered to lose the delicacy which marks the originals.

At Crosby Hall, on Thursday last, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone presided as chairman at the anniversary meeting of the subscribers and friends to the Spitalfields School of Design (one of the principal branch establishments of the head school at Somerset House). The Report of the local committee represented the state and progress of the school to be highly satisfactory—and mentioned several instances of pupils being engaged by the silk manufacturers as draughtsmen and designers. Prizes, of books and money, were distributed to the students for drawings and paintings which were exhibited, and the chairman and many of the principal manufacturers and merchants of the district addressed the assemblage on the commercial and educational importance of these schools, as exercising a beneficial agency, direct and indirect, in promoting the prosperity of our ornamental manufactures and the mental improvement of those employed upon them.

In our notice of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, we have to charge ourselves with an omission which it would be injustice not to repair.—Mr. Glennie has the credit of having supplied two subjects adding by their diversity to the interest of this Exhibition. From year to year his selections from the Eternal City or its neighbourhood have been sources of interest; but he has never been seen to greater advantage than now in the *View in the Campagna di Roma, from the Via Appia* (18)—showing the Alban Hills, we presume, in the distance,—the long line of aqueduct forming a feature of remarkable character. The same artist's *View in the Forum, Rome, from the Tabularium* (199), is admirable no less for the fidelity of its forms than for its truth of light and shade—the reflected light on the architecture, which is in the shade—and the general hue and complexion in accordance with the climate itself.

A few bits of gossip we may throw into a single paragraph,—and despatch in a few words. The cast of Nelson at the Battle of the Nile made for the bronze decoration of one of the sides of the column in Trafalgar Square, by Mr. Woodington, is finished,—and we will report on it critically, along with other matters of the same kind, when the more public Exhibitions are off our hands.—Mr. Catlin's collection of curiosities for exhibiting the habits of the North American Indians, is re-opened. He has increased it by some pictures representing the wild sports of the "red-skins"—and by an accurate model of the Falls of Niagara, with the adjacent country, including Goat Island and several acres of land on each side of the river.—Mr. Foley's marble group of 'Ino and Bacchus' is on view at Messrs. Dickinson's in New Bond Street—on which also we shall report hereafter. And Mr. Hiram Power's 'Greek Slave Girl'—on which we have already reported [No. 917]—is again on view at Messrs. Graves's in Pall Mall.

The King of Prussia has presented to Mr. Joseph Bonomi and Mr. James Wild magnificent gold rings, with appropriate device, in remembrance of their services as members of His Majesty's mission to Egypt, under Dr. Lepsius, in 1842 and 1845 inclusive.

The Neapolitans are in some respects shunning the example of France in the matter of Art. Our correspondent from that city informs us that instead of rushing to exhibition under the banner of equality and fraternity, the artists have petitioned for a postponement of their show until August, in consequence of the absorbing influence which politics are likely to exercise for the present.

The same correspondent informs us that the Marchese Filippo Padonaggio, who gave such noble proofs of courage and virtue during the late Revolution, having presented to the President of the Central Committee of Syracuse a proposition to erect a statue to the genius of Palermo,—with the legend "To heroic Palermo, 12 January, 1848, Syracuse grateful,"—the people have enthusiastically received the proposition. Subscriptions have commenced; and the project will be immediately presented to a sculptor of Palermo and a design required. Competition is not here spoken of.—He adds that the Commission of Antiquities and Fine Arts at Palermo has published a notice that on the 30th of July will

take place in that city an extraordinary Exhibition of the works of Fine Art.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.
First Night of 'I CAPULETI E I MONTECCHI'—*Opera*. Madame F. Viardot.—First Night of *Mlle. Lucile Grahn*, at the Royal Italian Opera, will be performed for the First Time on Tuesday Next, when she will perform the First Time of 'TECCHI' the Music by Bellini and Vaccai. *Capuleti*, Signor F. Vianini; *Giulietta*, Madame Castellan; *Romeo*, Madame F. Viardot; *Tebaldo*, Signor Luigi Mei; *Jordan*, Signor Marini. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa. To conclude with, for the First Time this Season, the Ballet of 'MAISON DESCAUT' in which Mlle. Lucile Grahn will make her First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.

EXTRA NIGHT.

First Night of 'ANNA BOLENA.' On THURSDAY NEXT a Grand Extra Night will take place, on which occasion will be performed for the First Time this Season, Donizetti's Opera, 'ANNA BOLENA.' After which, a *Scena* from 'BERTA', to which will be added a *Scena* from 'LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA.' The whole forming an unprecedented combination of attractions supported by the following artists—Madame Grist, Mlle. Corbier, Madame F. Viardot, Mlle. Albou, Signor Mario, Signor Tamburini, &c. &c. The whole to conclude with the Grand 'FETE DES FLEURS' from the Ballet of 'NIRENE' in which Mlle. Camille, Mlle. Bruzzi, Mlle. Marinet and M. Gontier will dance.

GRAND MORNING CONCERT.

On FRIDAY NEXT, MADAME DULCKEN'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place, commencing at Half-past One.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed the SEVENTH CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING, June 12th. Programme—Sinfonia in a minor, Mendelssohn; C. Cooper, Mr. Collier, Mr. Weber; Sinfonia Pastorale, Beethoven; Overture, 'The Calypso', Mendelssohn; Overture, 'Fidelio', Beethoven. Vocal Performers—Madame Fanny Viardot and Mlle. Corbier. Conductor, Mr. Costa. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at Messrs. Cramer & Co.'s, 20, Regent-street. Members may pay for Visitors at Willis's Rooms. J. ELLIS, Director.

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY, June 13, at Half-past Three o'clock. Quintets, a minor, No. 18, Opus 10, by Chopin; Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Horn, Beethoven; Quartet in G major, with the Grand Fugue, No. 9, Beethoven. Executants—Sinfonia, Delfiore, Hill, Pianti, Howell, Barrett, Lassar, Jarrett, Bauman, and G. Osborne (Pianoforte). Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at Messrs. Cramer & Co.'s, 20, Regent-street. Members may pay for Visitors at Willis's Rooms. J. ELLIS, Director.

MISS STEELE AND MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS beg to announce that their GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY, June 16, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Molendin Mendi, Birch, Hainforth, A. and M. Williams, Pughall, and Steele; Messrs. Sims Reeve, Collins, F. Leblanc, Segre, and John Parry. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mr. Brinley Richards; Concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi. The Orchestra will be numerous and complete. Conductors—Messrs. Bennett and Sterndale Bennett. Tickets, 7s. each, and Family Tickets, 5s. admit Four, 10s. 4s. may be had of Miss Steele, 30, Bedford-square; Mr. Brinley Richards, 30, New Bond-street; and all the principal Music-warehouses and Libraries. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d. each, can only be procured of Miss Steele and Mr. Richards.

WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS.—Last Night but Two—MUSIC MALL, STORE-STREET.—ON MONDAY EVENING, 12th June, at Eight o'clock, Mr. Wilson will sing his favourite songs by a popular Jacobite band, and Characteristic Old Ballads. Pianoforte, Mr. Jolley.

MORNING PERFORMANCE at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—On TUESDAY the 24th June, at Half-past Two, Mr. Wilson will sing a variety of his most admired Songs and Ballads. Programmes at the Music Shops.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The eighth and last of these meetings for the season was held on Wednesday. Judging from the aspect of matters, this might have been, too, the last of all the *Ancient Concerts*. It seems scarcely likely that the royal and noble Directors will recommence operations with such serious loss before them as must have attended this season, and is likely to increase. Whether, however, the *Ancient Concert* now "drops dead" or lingers on until the sole audience be confined to the half dozen sofas of the Directors' box, we decline further to analyze or to report its performances unless an entire change come over their management. Under its present Conductors there is no possible chance of revivification. It has been reserved for an English composer of high standing, commanding the amplest disposable resources, to exhibit in the transactions superintended by him an example of almost every conceivable omission and commission such as the youngest student is taught to avoid, and which the advanced musical taste of our less aristocratic audiences has led them long since to reprobate and reject. The part taken by Sir H. R. Bishop in the abolition of the *Ancient Concerts* may have great value and authority if read as a warning by our younger composers and conductors. For this purpose alone have we recourse to it so repeatedly. Here, however, we close—not to resume—our strictures.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—This day week we held the third *Academy Concert*: also the separate entertainments of Mlle. Vera and Miss Bauman. On Monday M. Brizzi gave his benefit concert like

those of the above Ladies in a private house. A pair of younger professors Mr. Noble and Mr. Henry Wyld, on Monday evening received their friends on a grander scale,—the latter in Exeter Hall. The former produced a *Concerto* by Henselt, a composer whom Russia seems to have absorbed, of which we must speak on some future occasion,—the latter a MS. symphony, which was dislocated by that perpetual cause of grievance, uncertainty as to—and among—the band. How the English musicians perpetually complain of bad times and want of occupation, and yet are never disengaged enough to form an orchestra capable of rehearsal—is a puzzle. For the rest, the very enumeration of these meetings must convince all thinkers that they can be reported only by enumeration—unless we were to make of the *Athenæum* an exclusively musical journal. Even then, the very number of them precludes the possibility of variety,—since Madame Thillon stands for 'La Biondina' or 'Une rose bien fleurie' and Madame Dorcas-Gras for 'En vain j'espère,' &c., &c.—and to note how the above are sung, with a cadence more or less as the songstress is in or out of spirits, would wear out the curiosity of even a fanatic imprisoned or bedridden. In truth, save in such rare instances as Miss Dolby's, the *Benefit Concert* has become nothing more or less than an advertisement, having small other vital interest for any one concerned.

On Monday evening, Mr. Blagrove gave one of his chamber concerts,—and the *Beethoven Quartett Society's* performance of three Quartetts by Mendelssohn, in E flat major, E minor, and D major. Neater and more precise the performance could not have been; but breadth of style is as essential to the right rendering of this music as animation of movement. Even in his scherzi our author is never *poco*. Now, minuteness is what M. Sainton and M. Rousselot and (to our surprise) Herr Molique were far too unanimously and successful in trying for,—as those who have heard Herr David lead the grand *allegro* in E flat major or Herr Ernst the passionate and expressive work in E minor will bear us out in asserting. No disrespect is meant to the highly finished artists assembled to honour Mendelssohn; but now, as we have already said, is the time for the fixing of tradition,—and we must not be accused of tediousness or topology if we repeat similar comment on small mistakes to avoid the latter being perpetuated by Time and sanctioned by Authority.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It seems the rule to bring out Mdle. Lind in her new characters on Thursday evenings. This makes the postponement of detailed notice necessary at a crowded period like the present. Suffice it to announce that 'L'Elixir' is the most evenly-cast opera in which Mdle. Lind has succeeded (we use the verb purposely, remembering the cast of 'I Masnadieri').—and that her *Adina* was brilliantly successful. For remarks on her conception and execution of the character,—for the praise due to Signor Belletti's singing of a restored *aria* in the second act, &c.—the reader must wait till Saturday next. It was said in the theatre that Mdle. Lind is to sing 'Anna Bolena' on Thursday. So rapid a succession of new personations is an answer in full to our questions respecting the Lady's repertory, put forth on her arrival,—creditable in the highest degree to her energy and careful preparation; since, let the critic agree or disagree with Mdle. Lind's reading, it must be clear to the wisest child that she never ventures herself on the stage without deliberate and careful previous study.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—We need do no more than mention the recent performance of 'Norma' (with a passing recognition of Mdle. Corbani's marked progress) and of 'Lucrezia Borgia.' The *Donna Anna* of Madame Viardot-Garcia is not to be so briefly passed over, since it has assisted in making a great artist better known to the public. The musician could not be surprised by any new manifestation of skill and genius on the part of one who entered the profession seven years ago armed with more resources than most who retire from it are possessed of. There is no hearing Madame Viardot utter a phrase of three notes without being aware of her thorough comprehension and mastery of the matter under treatment. But the ninety-nine requisites out of the hundred (so runs the singer's adage)

are not possessed by the lady. Her voice is uneven and uncertain; and we fear that much change for the better is not to be effected even by "the indomitable Garcia will," the traditions of which have made a few superb singers—and spoiled as many. While, however, Madame Viardot-Garcia must not hope to win the general public by her organ, she may at any moment startle it to a *furor* by her fiery, unborrowed, intense dramatic power; and will satisfy all such as can forget superficial attractions for the sake of the mind of genius working out its conceptions by the means of consummate art. Those who expect voice from the sister of Malibran will be blanked and disappointed: those who would hear and see an artist of original power and fervour will find Madame Viardot more individual and more impassioned than any of her compeers. To each her own: but those who rise the highest in despite of the most serious drawback always exercise an influence little short of fascination upon the thoughtful portion of their audiences. There was no lover of Mozart, for instance, but must have felt that all the *solo* passages in the first *finale* to 'Don Juan'—the leading of 'Sola, sola,' &c.—were delivered with a spirit, feeling, and thorough understanding, which differ from the best results of training applied to those unfamiliar with the music. Like qualities won an *encore* for the *allegro* to 'Non mi dir.' To complete the sketch of the new *Donna Anna*—while she made the utmost of the few great dramatic moments allowed to the part, Madame Viardot's by-play was what we have missed in most *Donna Annas*. Nothing was slighted: never a blank was left,—yet not a motion was obtrusive or pedantic, or calculated to fix undue attention on the cleverness of the lady as one "who could make so much of so little." This praise, by the way, is nearly as questionable as that which should commend an artist "for making so little of so much,"—because it may argue a desire to shine and achieve prominence in defiance of all dramatic intention. A *Desdemona's* passion which should come out in as strong a relief as *Othello's* would be untrue to nature. A *Jason* who should "overcrow" *Medea* would make strange work of the old magic and tragic fable. This it was that, with all Madame Schroeder Devrient's admirable dramatic power, made her fatiguing in opera;—for there she would allow the public eye and ear to dwell on no one save herself. Nor was Malibran guiltless of a like monopolizing energy; and we have dwelt upon an example of the reverse, because it is a merit perpetually overlooked or else confounded with the *nonchalance* of those who act by fits, with languors between.—On Thursday evening Madame Viardot appeared in 'La Prova' of Gnecco. We are informed, too, that 'Gli Montecchi' is to be revived for her, with the third act by Vaccai. How strange it is that there should be no setting of 'Romeo and Juliet' as opera strong enough to go alone! The work by Zingarelli in which Pasta loved to appear was filled from beginning to end with interpolated music.

HAYMARKET.—A new drama, entitled 'Omens and Odd Coincidences,' from the pen, it is understood, of Mr. T. Parry, was produced last Saturday. Nominally in three acts, it was actually longer than many a better play in five. We shrink from the task of setting out a plot where intelligible plot was none. If plan was intended, it was difficult to trace. Mr. Christopher Token (Mr. Farren) is, we are told, a superstitious individual, subject to be frightened by prognostications and presentiments. Foil, his valet, (Mr. Keeley) is supposed to play upon his weakness; in which design he is associated with Fred. Gayhurst (Mr. Wigan), a railway stag,—who undertakes to procure for Token a child's caul to preserve him from the danger of drowning. A water party to Eel-Pie Island has, in fact, been resolved on,—to which certain ladies and gentlemen, including the parties named, are invited by Mrs. Provender (Mrs. Humby) the landlady of a boarding-house in the Regent's Park. One of the prominent characters of this company is Mrs. Fitzmarsh (Mrs. Nibbett); who, being of a military humour, displays it after the approved fashion of Knowles's *Constance* and Bourciquet's *Lady Gay Spanker*. The character, in fact, is cast precisely in the mould of the two parts just named, being provided with parallel passages of description and with the repetition of well-known effects. Mrs. Glover is fitted

with a part as *Miss Prime*,—an elderly maiden of a statistical turn; who is persuaded that as the mean quantity of rain which had already fallen during the present month is larger than that of the month preceding, and as nine days of the month have yet to come, the chances are in favour of fine weather for the day and umbrellas are superfluous. Mr. Tilbury performs the part of a Mr. Gorman Grubb, a gentleman over-fond of pigeon pie. Then, there is a *Miss Linden* (Miss Harding), who has for a lover *Lionel Harlecourt* (Mr. H. Vandenhoff). Mrs. Keeley is the waiting maid, affecting a simplicity which is not nature's dower; and, as usual, she gave to pointless dialogue all the animation of witty repartee. Such are the characters and circumstances introduced and explained in a tedious, long first act. The second, showing the picnic party on the Ait, is more amusing. We are made acquainted at the beginning with a sentimental *Sheriff's Officer* (Mr. Rogers) and his stolid follower (Mr. Clarke)—the former being acted with infinite spirit and tact. During the picnic, Mr. Keeley has to play a fiddle by way of signal at certain intervals; and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* move about, talk, rant, joke, and plot, according to their several motives, until, a storm coming on, they all confusedly take to the boat. Mr. Token is upset,—and the curtain once more falls. In the third act the old gentleman is warned by Foil, in the disguise of a waterman, of Gayhurst's nefarious attempts. The latter has undertaken to meet Token at Lambeth for the purpose of selling to him the desiderated child's caul. Unfortunately, Token suspects the intentions of the supposed stranger who warns him; and after a long struggle with his inherent cowardice, seizes, pursues, and knocks Foil over into the river. Fully believing that he has killed the poor fellow, and ultimately discovering his identity, Token is, on his arrival at home, ludicrously alarmed by Foil's appearing as usual with his boots, the bootjack, and bed-candle. Convinced finally that his visitant is no ghost by Mrs. Fitzmarsh, who bravely takes the valet by the collar, an explanation is brought about: when the scene is hurriedly wound up,—and the curtain falls upon a *dénouement* that we vainly endeavoured to understand. The serious defects which we have indicated not being relieved by any brilliancy of dialogue, it is scarcely necessary to add that the new drama was far from being successful.

SURREY.—Six-and-twenty years have elapsed since 'Don Carlos,' by Lord John Russell, made its little sound among the Whig literary circles; which presently expired—it might have been thought for ever. But nothing in this world is final. Make the author of 'Four-Horned Moon' or 'The Cathedral Bell' Cabinet ministers, and even those precious tragedies may be wanted by a management in *extremis*,—as that of the Surrey Theatre is said to be. Let our parallel, however, be thought to compare Lord John's academic insipidity with a pair of dismal *extravaganzas*.—Being informed that 'Don Carlos' was to be given with particular care and splendour on Thursday evening at the Surrey Theatre, we were, of course, there to see. Shall we ever grow too old to be abused by the play-bills? One line of criticism bestowed on such an execution of a work were a line wasted. Common-place and feeble as the tragedy is, the acting had not even the redeeming quality of bombast to make it entertaining—while the appointments were the rags of Penury and Ruin staring the twenty persons in the pit and the three box-guests in the face. The Southwark folks, it seems, know how to honour a Surrey bill! So long as such a parade followed by such a pageant can be enacted within reach of a six-penny fare, our actors and managers have small right to petition against the entrance of those "confounded foreigners." It was a comfort that the dear, tedious German traveller whom such an announcement is calculated to attract did not seem to be in the house, to witness the degradation of the English Premier's play.

FRENCH PLAYS.—By way of closing his season and to succeed to M. Achard,—that pleasantest and most musical of vaudeville actors,—Mr. Mitchell has secured the entire troupe of the *Théâtre Palais Royal* (we beg its pardon, *Montansier*). How the clever and audacious folks who keep up the ball to such a giddy height must be entertained at the difference between their London and their Parisian audiences,

is a speculation to divert all who, like ourselves, are familiar with them at home. Fancy the late Mr. John Reeve or the extant Mr. Buckstone at the *Théâtre Français*! Not less comical is it to hear MM. Ravel, Grasset, Sainville, Alcide Tousez, &c., "discouraging" for the edification of Lord Chamberlains and their ladies,—for the instruction of Lady Patronesses and their lords. Then, we have M. Lemenil, whose *Bernard* in 'La Savonnette Imperiale' is as choice "a bit of the barracks" as the world has ever seen; and M. Levassor,—some of whose *chansonnettes* have pedantic quaintness which is beyond all price. Add to these, the tribe of—no, not ladies. The merry, shrill-spoken *troupe* who wear any costume required—male, female, or epicene—and say any saying which may be set down, would be themselves the first to laugh loud were they un-grievated. —Mlle. Figeac possibly making the exception in right of her genteel-comedy bearing. To sum up:—King Street now contains an unprecedented specimen of French contemporary farce, capitally acted and beautifully dressed. But cloth of gold, however carefully worn, will not convert *Christopher Sly* into a real nobleman. Nor can the perfect stage ease, impudence, and insincerity of the actors, the prettiness and completeness of the appointments, and the rapture of "the select" blind our eyes or shut our ears to the trashiness of many of the pieces represented. Mr. Mitchell, however, is a clever caterer, as well as a liberal and honest manager. He knew how to hit May Fair by the Ethiopian Serenaders. He is aware that *Belgravia* (the Lord Chamberlain and the Licensor acquiescing) rejoiceth in fun for which a Sadler's Wells audience hath grown too poetical. The speculator, who doubt not, will have his reward; but what are the observers of "the manners of the Great" to think of the public for whose delectation he speculates? The above question is put in no humour of class prejudice,—out of no silly notion of nationality, doubly silly in our days of professed enlightenment,—but in truth and in honour to English popular taste, which would seem to be refining and advancing itself in advantageous contrast to the fancies and pursuits of those who in all matters of refinement and advancement should take the lead.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The real *habitat* of the head of the Longbow family must be one or other Opera House,—perhaps (impossible as this would seem) both! At least, were the Gossip to register the twenty "thousand-and-one" tales which he hears—one evening a threat of the bricks and the beams of a *salle* tumbling about his ears—another, the "cloud-capt towers" of Managerial Impolicy being dissolved by the parchment-magic of the functionaries of the law,—he would have only one occupation more urgent than the uttering of rumours—namely, the eating of them. Once for all, we believe in nothing!—neither in Rossini's reawakening—nor in Rubini's return—nor in Mdlle. Lind's retirement—nor in the stupendous new singer whom nobody has heard—nor in the works to be produced which no *maestro* has promised! The fulfilment of any or all of these prospects may be fitly left to be discussed by the trusting clients of Master Joseph Ady. A tale is now in circulation among our contemporaries of the fusion of the two opera houses, under Messrs. Mitchell, Delafield and Costa at the Haymarket—of Mr. Lumley's retirement thence—and of English operas at Covent Garden, under Messrs. Balfe, Beale (and Bunn?). Till these dissolutions and fusions be gazetted, we may be excused for treating them as but "a tale."

This must be a great year for Messrs. Broadwood, Erard, and Collard: since every grand pianoforte that can be built could now without any extravagant difficulty be fitted out with its own peculiar grand pianist. In addition to those already catalogued, Mdlle. Mattmann, from Paris, is announced,—also M. Gorio, who by his name should be a Spaniard. What a boon would it be if the Peninsula would give us a composer! And "what for no?"—A distinct nationality is manifest in its singers, as all who have attended to the matter from the Garcias downwards must be aware; and M. Chopin has shown us how, upon the wildest and most lawless national music a style which is original, symmetrical, and self-consistent can be based.—After mentioning M. Chopin's

name by chance, we may add a pleasant rumour that possibly he may be shortly heard in public—a *matinée* or concert being "in projection," his health permitting.—Among recent arrivals let us not forget to announce that of M. Alexandre Batta, whose picturesque and expressive violoncello-playing is not forgotten in London.

The Committees of our autumnal musical festivals are still in suspense as to the gracious will and pleasure of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind with regard to the engagements offered by them. While we deprecate such indecision in proportion as a plain "Yes" or "No" require neither superhuman virtue nor subtle powers of diplomacy,—we are glad, on the other hand, to give publicity to matter in which the Lady has made up her mind. It was stated the other day at the meeting of those interested in the Hospital for Consumptive Patients at Brompton—that Mdlle. Lind intends to give a concert for the benefit of the charity. This should be held either in the *Opera House* or in Exeter Hall.—If the caprices of the Artist be many, it should never be forgotten how much more numerous have been his beneficences!

This brings us to the appeal circulated by the managers of the *Choral Fund*,—who now, for the first time after fifty years' existence, appeal to the general public. Surely, never was a modest petition put forth:—"An annual subscriber (of one guinea) and a life governor (of ten guineas) are entitled to tickets for the concert." Let the patrons and patronesses of Polish concerts, Hospital concerts, *Governors' concerts*, &c., always ready to do charity vicariously by soliciting artists to sing for nothing, respond to this as they should.—If any class have claims on their aid and gratitude, it is the family of musicians. But, alas! importunity "comes naturally to them"—whereas memory is apt to be particularly "inconvenient to *My Lord Castlemore*."

We are glad to give currency to the following portion of a letter, though its questions have already, we think, been answered in our columns.

How is it that with so much music going on in London from year to year there is no place where one can hear good instrumental music—as Symphonies, Overtures, &c.—at a reasonable price? I am one of the many who cannot afford to go to Philharmonic and Ancient Musical Concerts, and regret having so few opportunities of making acquaintance with the works in this line of the great masters. M. Julien's praiseworthy concerts (though they contained a good deal of clapping) proved, by their success, how many are glad to profit by any opportunity of the kind. Surely such a band as Mr. Wilby's might be turned to some account in this way. Careful and fair performances of first-rate music, though they might not satisfy accomplished critics, would both delight and improve the less fastidious, yet not tasteless or uneducated, audiences which I feel sure might be gotten together, and which would comprise many desirous of improvement as well as pleasure.—How is it, too, that one can never hear the Catholic sacred music (except an occasional performance of Mozart's Twelfth Mass at Exeter Hall) in a complete state?—Yours, &c. TRIAD.

We beg briefly to recapitulate what we have elsewhere dispersedly said on these subjects. The difficulties in the way of good and cheap orchestral concerts in England arise in part from the impossibility of remunerating a good band for sufficient rehearsals, save by the constant presence of an audience of numbers in no part of the world commanded by classical music. Then, the repertory is not very large: and second-rate works (for illustration's sake, such as the Overtures of Romberg) are proved to be unattractive, though recognized as well written and endured for sake of variety. Still, we think our correspondent must see, if familiar with London music, many signs of a fulfilment of his desideratum. With regard to the Catholic service-music, he has scarcely sufficiently considered how largely this loses effect [*vide No. 984, p. 914*] when transferred from a place of worship and deprived of the pauses, intermixtures and associations, all of which it is fair to be credited were present to the church composer while writing it. Many among our oratorio audiences are aggrieved by the papistical text—many of our singers "gravelled" by the Latin words. Here, too, however, it is fair to promise further experiment, though we are by no means sure of the result being found satisfactory. For other works asked for by our correspondent the answer is to be found in the records of Exeter Hall: but we are glad to forward and further his views by giving attention and publicity to his note,—which, as illustrating the times we live in, is a "sign of grace."

Talking of the present period, we cannot but refer

to the *Musical Times* as another illustration thereof—not merely in its own growth, but as registering the provincial music which cannot possibly come within scope of our notice save at rare intervals. The May and June numbers of this publication announce local performances of the best music as everywhere to be, or having been, given. In particular (let this be taken in confirmation of our last week's remarks), the Psalm and Cantata music of Mendelssohn seems in favour. Mr. Jackson's Oratorio 'The Deliverance of Israel' is to be performed in York on the 12th of next month.

A few words will dispose of the musical doings of poor Paris. The company of the *Opéra Comique* is said to be rehearsing 'Il Signor,' a new three-act work by M. Henri Potier:—to be meditating the revival of 'La Fille du Régiment' (who is to be the lady?)—the re-engagement of M. Couderc, and the trial of a provincial tenor, M. Bauche. Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Adèle Dumilatre and Fleury have left the *Grand Opéra*. There is a talk of Madame Grisi being the co-directress of the Italian Theatre during the next season. Better things are to be hoped from a lady of her experience.

Tidings from Italy afford strange and meagre contrast with such accounts as have in former years reached us regarding its operatic doings.—Mdlle. Risorska has been successful in the 'Linda' at Florence.—Madame Gabussi has pleased in the 'Macbeth' of Verdi, at Reggio. There, too, Nina Hayes has been singing 'Lucia,' with her usual popularity. Madame de Giuli-Borsi has been the "great card" at Genoa; where, moreover, the 'Eleonora' of Mercadante has been given recently. This opera seems to keep the stage in Italy:—and we can assert from experience that some of its music is graceful, showy and tuneable. Our managers are not rich enough just now in works of *mezzacattare* or comedy to turn away from such a variety, if the story be in any respect warrantable.

The *Gazette Musicale* gives only two pieces of German news: the name of Madame Köster as a *prima donna* most successful at Berlin,—and the revival of Mozart's 'Il Seraglio' at Hamburg, with "the fullest concurrence." It must have its turn here, one day, let the Italian singers be ever so recalcant.

In our last week's allusion to Fielding's 'Intriguing Chambermaid,' the wrong figure was doubled, and 1773 printed in place of 1733, the real year to be specified.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—May 20.—A single paper was read—a report awarding to M. Bouchat the prize for the best paper on the means of preventing premature interment.

Electric Telegraph Office, Lothbury, London.

Having just returned from America, my attention has been called to an article copied from the *Spectator* into No. 1074 of your widely circulated Journal, containing a notice of the "Copying Telegraph," which is erroneously described as invented by a Mr. Bakewell. Permits me to inform your readers that the invention is not at this time new,—neither is Mr. Bakewell the inventor. The "Copying Telegraph" was invented by me in 1842, and patented in England in the year following. Patents were also obtained for the invention in Scotland, France, and Belgium. The Electric Patent is now the property of the Electric Telegraph Company, who purchased it from me. The foreign patents are still in my own hands. The specification of my English patent is deposited at the Inland Office in Chancery-lane, where it is accessible to all inquirers.

The "Copying Telegraph" is capable of transmitting the *fac-simile* of any communication in writing or printing, or of any other figure, including a profile of the "human face divine," so that the physiognomy of a runaway could be sent to all the outposts of the kingdom in two or three minutes. This Telegraph has not yet been put in practice, from the circumstance of its requiring greater accuracy in the machinery, and more perfect insulation of the wires than has yet been attainable for great distances; but these difficulties are not insurmountable, and daily progress is making towards the necessary perfection in this department of the yet infant science of Electric Communication.

June 5.

I am, &c.

A. BAILEY.

The Zodiacal Lights and Light of the Sun.—Mr. Lake has applied the experiment noticed in the *Athenæum* of 18th March last, to explain the cause of these phenomena. After stating that the electric fluid stands only on the outer surface of a sphere, and citing Mr. Sturgeon's experiments proving that every vertical column in the atmosphere when un-

No 10763

disturbed is electropolar, with its positive pole upwards, to show that the same electric state is found on our globe, round which the fluid circulates, he infers from the luminous streams observed in his experiment that during this circulation light must be developed, and to this attributes the self-luminosity that has been observed at times in the earth and Venus. "And shall we not ascend a little higher, and apply these laws to the sun, with its denser atmosphere?... There we have evidences of similar effects. The circulation of the fluid on that sphere being more rapid, and through a denser medium than with us, exhibits a greater intensity of light.... and seeking, as on the earth, the higher regions of the atmosphere, yet controlled by the centrifugal force resulting from the sun's motion on its axis, and the attractions of the planets, it produces the zodiacal light."—*Lancet*.

Sleigh Riding.

Sleigh riding! isn't it very good fun,
With the mercury almost too thick to run,
Down below zero twenty-one?
When, if you sneeze,
The spray will freeze,
And your legs are numb as high as your knees,
Majestic pastime is this, I woeen:
How you admire the silvery scene,
As your lungs collapse in the blast so keen!
Of nose and ears, as the steeds progress,
You pleasantly lose all consciousness;
And the buffalo hide,
And the cap well tied,
And the woollen *et cetera*, too, beside,
Are powerless all to shield off the blast
That *knifes* your vitals in hurrying past.
Oh! 'tis fine, on a moonlight night,
Thus with the key winds to fight!
And frost-bitten ears, when the race is done,
Aply close the "capital fun."

—*Troy Whig, U.S.*

Improved Bell-Ringing.—A short time since we noticed Parker's patent "annunciator" for hotels, mansions, &c., whereby only one bell is required, and the particular room is indicated by a number appearing on the face of the machine. It seems to be a very ingenious and efficient arrangement. In consequence of that notice we have received a letter from Lincoln, signed John Middleton, stating that he has been in the habit of effecting the same thing for a long time past, and pointing to the Palatine Hotel, Manchester, where his arrangement has been in operation for two years, and the Great Northern Hotel, Lincoln, where, in a short time, may be seen forty-four rooms on two landings, all communicating with two bells. He says—"I have no intention of patenting my method, and any person is at liberty to examine it, and either carry it out in its integrity or make such improvements as ingenuity may suggest."—At the Holt's Arms Inn, Birmingham, an electric telegraph has been established to superintend bell-ringing. The object is to avoid any trouble to the visitors who frequent the house in calling for refreshment, as indicated on the dial-plate. By turning a handle, which communicates with the wires, the party is enabled to order any refreshment he may require without troubling the servant,—and may even request the appearance of the landlord or landlady, as may be requisite.—*Builder*.

Exemption from rating of Literary and Scientific Institutions.—Allow me to call your attention to a clause in the draft of the Act of Parliament, as amended by the committee, which is now before the House of Commons, entitled "An Act for the Amendment of an Act under which Scientific and Literary Societies and Institutions are exempted from Local Rates," &c. This new Act appears to be only an amendment to the old one; but as a clause in it provides that no society shall have the benefit conferred by the other on whose premises any servant or officer may reside, it virtually repeals the old Act completely—for we find in almost all societies and institutions one or more servants or caretakers residing on the premises, and frequently insisted on—as it is in my case. To meet it fairly and prevent the officers and servants of literary and scientific institutions and societies who might reside elsewhere from reaping a personal benefit from the old Act, in justice the new one should go no further than to tax the apartments of those officers and servants whose residence is not essential to the protection of the buildings, property, &c.—The principle of the first Act should apply to the second, so far as the public benefit is concerned; and the new one should provide that funds subscribed by Government or by private individuals for educational purposes should not be diverted to other uses, for poor-rates, &c. Your earliest and most prompt attention is particularly requested to this matter. The managers of all literary and scientific institutions should immediately take measures to draw the attention of Her Majesty's Government to the action of the proposed bill. Members of both houses of Parliament who take an interest in educational movements should be requested to oppose the clause

referred to.—There is another clause in the Act which leaves an opening to any number of individuals to oppose, one by one, the claims to exemption of the society, &c., claiming under either Act—and thus keep it in continual litigation with the poor-law guardians, &c. So that, though a society might run the risk of being robbed by having no watch on its premises and no claim exemption from taxation, it might find it better to pay all taxes and demands than to have continually to defend its rights under the old bill in the manner proposed in the new one.—I am, &c.
E. CLIBBONS.

Resident Officer of the Royal Irish Academy.
Dublin, June 5.

The Lamplighter superseded.—An individual in Leeds has propounded a plan whereby all the lamps in a town may be simultaneously lighted and extinguished without the intervention of lamplighters. The agent by which it is proposed to do this is electricity, conveyed by a single continuous wire to every lamp.—*Atlas*.

The City Arms.—I beg to inform your Staines correspondent that the sword in the first quarter of the City arms held its honourable position three centuries before the stalwart Sir W. Walworth was thought of. The sword is known as the sword of St. Paul; in whose honour it was placed in the shield of arms,—for the simple reason that the apostle just named was the patron-saint of the London corporation. Pembroke Terrace, Kensington. J. D.—S.

On the Asparagus of the Cossacks.—[The following is extracted from an article by M. Morren, in the *Gardener's Chronicle*.]—We at last obtained the Potato of Bokhara; but, behold, on opening the box, we soon perceived that it was not a Solanum, but a totally different plant, with which we had long been familiar; and, on referring to Dr. Clarke's Travels, we found we had before us the history of this pretended Potato of the Bokharans. The plant which they eat instead of potatoes is an aquatic. For three centuries it has been called by the French *Marteau* or *Masse*; the Greeks have named it *rophi*; and the Latins *Typha*; the Germans *Quarrenkolben* or *Liesknoppen*; the Flemings *Lisch-den*, or simply, *Donsen*. It is the *Typha latifolia* of botanists. We cultivate the *Typha latifolia* as an ornamental plant in ponds; but it naturally abounds in our waters where the depth is not too great. * * * Of all the authorities we know, Dr. Clarke is the one who gives the fullest details respecting the utility of the *Typha*. He found the inhabitants of Teherask so enthusiastic with respect to the excellence of the shoots of the *Typha*, that they regarded it as a sacred plant, a special gift of Providence. The lower parts of the stem are brought to the tables at every meal; and in every house bundles are to be found, about three feet in length, tied like Asparagus, ready for use. It is sold in the markets, and amongst the provision merchants. It is best used in spring, like our Asparagus, when the plants begin to shoot. It is said that in this state it forms a dish which those who have once partaken of it desire again with increasing relish. The Cossacks are still more choice in their use of the *Typha*. They peel off the cuticle and select the blanched tender part, usually about 18 inches in length, near the root; and this constitutes a dish cool, agreeable and wholesome. The Cossacks, rich or poor, says Dr. Clarke, young or old, prefer this vegetable to all others; and from his own experience, during his sojourn among the inhabitants on the banks of the Don, he could testify that the *Typha* was a nutritious and excellent dish. The *Typha* is prepared like Asparagus, being cut, like the latter, when the young shoots are pushing; the tender blanched part is boiled in water seasoned with salt, and served up in the same way as Asparagus. The various culinary preparations to which Asparagus is subjected is equally applicable to the *Typha*; for it may be cut, stewed, and prepared for serving up with yolk of eggs, enhancing the flavour with nutmeg and salt. The *Typha*, therefore, which ornaments the sides of our lakes and ponds with its elegant foliage and singular tops, may be turned to useful account; for although the plant is eaten both by Tartar and Cossack, that is no reason why one, being neither, should not avail himself of that which God has created good. Even the French cooks employ various culinary plants for which we are indebted to the Cossacks; among which we may mention Tarragon, and a delicious Rhubarb. [It is stated in Dr. Lindley's 'Vegetable Kingdom,' that 'the rhizomes of *Typha* abound in starch.' This being the case, its nutritious qualities cannot be doubted.]

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